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A LESS IDEOLOGICAL WAR ?

MR. CHURCHILL confronts us with the virtual certainty that at the end of the war effective force will be in the hands of three Great Powers. Peace depends on their agreement ; disaster follows if they are rivals or antagonists. The war, he says, has grown less ideological during the last four years. The attitude of the U.S.S.R. towards the West (and, he was reminded, of ours towards the U.S.S.R.) has changed. Britain, America and the Soviet Union will collaborate in loose association to maintain peace and in some at present entirely unformulated way, an Assembly of lesser nations is to come into being. (We discuss some of the implications of this promise to keep peace by the fiat of the Big Three in a leading article.)

The bulk of Mr. Churchill's speech was devoted to a survey of Europe. Ideology played a very important part, and Mr. Churchill's ideology is to maintain, as far as possible, British interests and the political and economic *status quo*. Like Metternich after the Napoleonic Wars, he fears the upheaval of popular forces ; he is willing to modify his insistency on the "principle of legitimacy" (which after 1815 bedevilled Europe for thirty years until it was swept away by revolution) only when he is absolutely compelled to do so by military necessity. His recognition of Marshal Tito is merely a first step in the retreat that sooner or later Britain will have to make all over Europe, as the significance of the resistance movements becomes unmistakable. These movements, popular and nationalist, partly peasant, partly Communist, are the twentieth century counterpart of the liberal nationalism which the Powers at Vienna tried to suppress.

Greece, like Spain, is a naval key to the Mediterranean, which explains Mr. Churchill's special enthusiasm for the principle of legitimacy in both places. Fascism in Spain is no better ; indeed, it is rather worse than it has ever been in Italy, but Mr. Churchill's sympathies do not extend as far as Republican Spaniards. His view that Spanish Fascism, unlike Italian, is none of our business precisely repudiates Mr. Cordell Hull's recent speech which laid it down that, since Fascism is always driving towards war, it cannot anywhere be tolerated by Democracies.

France

Turning to France Mr. Churchill's speech illustrated afresh the dangers of the refusal of Britain and America to recognise the nature of the popular movement in Europe. Whereas clear understandings have been worked out with the emigre Dutch, Belgian and Norwegian Governments, defining the exercise of civil authority in territory liberated by General Eisenhower's armies, no such agreement has been reached with the National Committee in Algiers. Yet that Committee, which has been urged by the Assembly to declare itself to be the Republic's Provisional Government, is the only effective French authority which exists other than the Vichy regime ; and, whatever views may be held about some of the personalities surrounding General Koenig at French headquarters in London—the influential position of the sinister "M. Passy" is a cause of new anxiety—it is certain that the administration headed by General de Gaulle is alone capable of steering France through the stormy days between Allied invasion and the eventual choice of a legitimate, constitutional Government by free elections after the Peace. Whatever countries or areas are chosen for the Allies' initial landings in Western Europe, it is obvious that France, where lies the main German strength in the West, is destined sooner or later to become a battlefield ; indeed, already the French people are paying a heavy price in the course of the Allied air offensive. If General de Gaulle, now favoured only with an invitation to "visit London," continues to be excluded from Allied plans for the administration of liberated France, and if Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill stick to their refusal to recognise the National Committee as a *de facto* Provisional Government, the worst suspicions of Allied intentions will be aroused in French minds. Not merely will the resistance movement, on which we rely for military assistance, be demoralised, but we shall be courting a bitter aftermath of French distrust and hostility.

Yugoslavia

In Yugoslavia Mr. Churchill has shown far more readiness to face realities than either King Peter or the Foreign Office. As long ago as the Cairo Conference he was convinced of the dubious part played by Mihailovitch, and as long ago as his speech of February 22nd, Mr. Churchill declared his faith in Tito, who proved to be the leader, not of a guerrilla band, but of a large and powerful army holding nearly as many German troops as the British and American armies in the Mediterranean theatre. Yet it is only now, six months after Cairo, that the King has been brought to the point of agreeing to drop Mihailovitch as his Minister of War, and that the Foreign office has given up—if, indeed, it has—the illusory project of maintaining a Yugoslav Government consisting of bureaucrats whose names are unknown in Yugoslavia. Whether it is still possible for the King to find any Government outside Yugoslavia which can collaborate with Tito and the actual Government of Yugoslavia remains to be seen. It is thought that Mr. Sabacic, who is generally respected as honest and capable, may be able to play this difficult part. Mr. Churchill paid a generous tribute to the comprehensive character of Tito's Government and referred to Tito's military mission in this country. It would have been instructive if he had told the story of this mission whose arrival seems so profoundly to have shocked the Foreign Office.

We should have liked Mr. Churchill to describe how these courteous and able soldiers from Yugoslavia were impeded and cold-shouldered by the Foreign Office. It succeeded in preventing General Velebit from delivering a B.B.C. postscript after he had been asked to do so and it actually cancelled his recorded talk for overseas transmission. Efforts were even made to get Tito's representatives—purely military representatives who had no word of politics to say while they were here—out of England before they had completed their task. Happily those efforts were frustrated and the mission left Britain, aware of the friendship of the Premier and the people towards Tito's flag. Ideology and military expediency are still strangely mixed in this war—everywhere but in the Foreign Office, which seems to think almost exclusively in terms of ideology.

Greek Unity

Until the new Greek Cabinet is announced it is difficult to judge how far the Conference held in the Lebanon last week was a success and how much it will contribute to national unity. The Prime Minister, Mr. Papandreou, who presided, and the delegates picked by the Greek Government to attend the Conference, used its platform to accuse the E.A.M. of terrorism and trying to represent itself as the only genuine movement of resistance; it was these speeches which were officially publicised. Impressive speeches for the defence, however, were also made by the military leader of E.L.A.S., General Saraphis, by Professor Svolos, President of the E.A.M., by Mr. Askoutsis and Mr. Angellopoulos, both members of its Political Committee, and by Mr. Roussos and Mr. Stratis, representing the Communist and Socialist Parties. Friction between the guerrilla bands was unavoidable, they pointed out, as long as there was no political unity. But the responsibility for terrorism must be attributed to the Security Battalions, formed by the Greek Quisling Government to attack the Resistance Movement. Both the Government delegates and those from the Resistance Movement condemned the mutiny in the Greek Navy and Army, but several of the E.A.M. representatives stressed that the political responsibility lay on those, particularly the Tsouderos Government, who had impeded unity and provoked discontent. In a telegram to Mr. Churchill after the Conference the E.A.M. delegates denounced the excesses of some irresponsible people, but urged that they were of less "moral importance" than the resistance of the popular movement inside Greece.

Point one of the National Charter signed by all present is the reorganisation and establishment of discipline in the armed forces in the Middle East under the national flag. Inside Greece it makes the very sensible suggestion of unifying all guerrilla bands under the orders of a single Government. The right to decide on the constitution and social regime and on the Government they want is reiterated. The next move is now with the King and his new Government. This Government is likely to include Resistance leaders, perhaps even Mr. Santos, the Greek Communist leader—a step which, if it had been taken last autumn, could have led to unity long ago and avoided the mutiny. We think the new Government which has been brought to birth as a result of the mutiny would be wise to grant an amnesty for the leaders of this disorder, who are convicted of political irresponsibility, but whose loyalty is not disputed.

Progress in Italy

Though it is still too early to foretell the final outcome, the Allied offensive in Italy has made encouraging progress; General Alexander's timing of the phases of the attack has been admirable. Staking heavily on his ability to hold Cassino and bar the way up the Liri Valley, Field-Marshal Kesselring seems to have been taken aback by the swift penetration of the Aurunci mountains by the French and Americans. With his right wing crumbling, he drew heavily on his tactical reserve, practically all of which appears to have been committed, between Pontecorvo and the Tyrrhenian Sea, before the second phase of the battle began, last Tuesday, with an Allied sortie in full force from the Anzio bridgehead, coupled with a renewed thrust by British, Canadian and Polish divisions against the enemy's deep defensive positions between Pontecorvo and Monte Cairo. So far, enemy resistance has been stubborn; but, if a break-through can be achieved, either from the Anzio bridgehead or on the main 5th and 8th Armies' front, the prospects of inflicting a decisive defeat on the enemy look bright. For Kesselring has left himself with no fresh troops south of Rome wherewith to stage a major counter-attack; and, though he has brought south one of the six German divisions located in Northern Italy, he cannot afford to carry that process much farther in view of the growing activity of the Italian *Maquis*, whose guerrilla operations (we are glad to note) are now being co-ordinated and encouraged by the Allied Command.

Delegated Legislation

The Government's decision to set up a committee of the House of Commons to scrutinise statutory rules and orders, and to give the committee power to hear the Civil Servants from the departments responsible for drafting them, went much further than most of those who raised the question had expected it to go. That there ought to be some machinery for keeping watch upon delegated legislation in the interests of the public is plain enough: it is more doubtful whether the body proposed by Mr. Herbert Morrison in response to Mr. Molson's motion will meet the need. Statutory rules and orders range over an enormous field, and are often highly technical; and it is not clear that a single Committee of the House, or a Joint Committee of both Houses, which was suggested as an alternative, will be particularly good at dealing with them. In the long run it will probably be necessary to go a good deal further, and to have several committees, each dealing with a group of subjects and responsible for scrutinising departmental administration generally and not merely delegated legislation in the narrower sense. Most Members who took part in the debate seemed disposed to recognise that the sphere of delegated legislation is bound to be wide after as well as during the war: only Sir Percy Harris demanded the impossible—that Parliament itself should deal with every detail and delegated legislation be swept wholly away. This is nonsense. As Mr. Morrison said, the legislative capacity of Parliament is limited, and the problem is to find ways of enlarging it without endangering the liberties of the subject. But it is also necessary to prevent the "liberties of the subject" from being made an excuse for obstructing desirable social change.

More White Papers

It will soon begin to snow White Papers. The Government has two coming on the Beveridge front—one dealing with the general Social Security proposals and the other with Full Employment. The latter is said to be ready, and to range over a wide field, including the control of investments and of the planning and location of industry as well as "public works policy" in a wide sense. The Social Security White Paper is said to reject a Ministry of Social Security and to propose a "Board" instead—presumably a magnification of the Assistance Board in a further effort to take Social Security "out of politics" when once the new plan has been passed into law. There is to be an Uthwatt White Paper, too, accompanying a Bill which will not deal at all with any of the proposals of the main Uthwatt Report, but only with those of the Interim Report which the Government pledged itself to accept away back in 1942. Rumour says that the Bill will go back even on the pledges then given. Local authorities were promised a "price ceiling" of March 1939 values for land to be acquired for planning and development; but it is confidently asserted that the Bill will not carry out this promise, but will provide for purchase at a price "related to the 1939 value." This may mean anything; for any value is related to any other: it is wide enough to cover any advances in price the Government may have seen fit to concede to the landlords' claims. It seems safe to predict a storm over the Uthwatt Bill and White Paper. Probably over the Beveridge White Papers, too; perhaps the Government hopes that these storms will go unheard amid the din of the greater storm of invasion.

Recruits for Teaching

The Board of Education has now issued its circular dealing with the proposed arrangements for the emergency recruitment and training of teachers—as distinct from the longer-run arrangements which were dealt with in the McNair Report. The circular describes the one-year course which is to be provided for the purpose of securing a rapid addition to the supply of teachers immediately after the war. It was announced some time ago that special Colleges were to be started with this object all over the country by the Local Education Authorities; and the circular outlines the proposed course of study. The McNair Report proposed to raise the normal period of training for teachers from two to three years; but it is indispensable to get a large number of additional recruits at once, and accordingly only one year, including twelve weeks devoted to teaching practice, can be devoted to the emergency course. In what is left of the year, the intending teachers will have to study "the general principles of education and teaching method, the philosophy of education, psychology, and health education," as well as to take a course in "the usage of the English language," and to pursue higher studies in the subject or subjects which they are to teach. This curriculum, it is explained, is necessary in order that the teachers brought in under the scheme may be not "mere stop-gaps," but "potential teachers in the fullest sense." These objects are laudable; but will it be possible to find nearly enough recruits who can live up to such standards of what can be done in a year? The proposals seem right for graduates or other persons already highly educated; but will it not be indispensable to bring in a large number of recruits who will find it quite impossible to live up to what is suggested in an intellectual sense? The proposals seem, *inter alia*, to pay quite inadequate attention to the possibilities of getting admirable craft and manual teachers, for Camp Schools, Young People's Colleges, and for some of the work of Primary Schools, without putting them through an educational mill based on Secondary School and Training College traditions.

PARLIAMENT: Random Harvest

Wednesday afternoon.

THE 85-minute survey of the European and general situation with which the Prime Minister opened the two-day Foreign Affairs debate was certainly an Occasion. He had slipped in unnoticed, unwelcomed by a cheer, although the House was crowded; in the galleries sat diplomats, Ministers' dressy wives, even a pied bishop. What marked it specially as a rare occasion was the presence of Ll. G.; *he* was cheered as he walked slowly in, his beautiful snowy hair like a neat diaphanous skull-cap. The Prime Minister's closer friends were in a state of some anxiety. It was not until about halfway through this momentous effort that he (and his audience) showed signs of tiring; then his voice became, for long passages, faint and blurred indeed; those sitting behind him cried "Can't hear," and his Parliamentary Private Secretary, face aglow, leaned forward with a stage whisper of "speak up, please." Towards the end his voice regained its vigour.

Members were put in a good temper at the outset by a passable joke about "this modest request" (£40, in Committee of Supply, for Foreign Affairs). There were other agreeable sallies and digs: one of the Prime Minister's own guides through these difficult affairs was "a good or at any rate a well-trained conscience." There were slaps and reassurances for Right and Left in turn: Tito is our man—but no rude cartoons about General Franco, please. No Fascist regimes anywhere (later amended, under questioning by Shinwell, to anywhere except in neutral countries)—but Colonel Zervas enjoys the "undivided support of the civilian population in his area." There are "great hopes that the City of Rome can be preserved." (This was a new announcement: what did it mean? if not a mere pious hope?) Algiers cannot be recognised because we aren't sure that it represents the French nation (as we are sure

the Polish and Yugoslav Governments?).

It was a massive and comprehensive speech, satisfactory in patches; yet it left a curious impression of superficiality, of opportunism, even of an immaturity of outlook which progressive Members found ominous. Everything was over-simplified: a man hits you, you hit him back; he leaves you alone, you leave him alone. All that matters is beating the wicked Germans: we will co-operate with Kings, Reds, or anyone else who happens to be against them too. Perhaps we did make some mistakes in Italy: we hoped for quicker success, but "it didn't happen," and "Hitler decided to make great exertions." Some doom-laden surprise—treat or a brickbat—lurks round every corner for Mr. Churchill. So it was natural that he should say that the war was getting much less ideological than it used to be. Members wondered if he had reached this conclusion because, according to him, there had been "profound changes" in Soviet Russia: "Trotskyist Communism" had been abolished!

His tribute to Tito was handsome and eloquent. The Tories sat glumly through it, noticeably forbearing to applaud these references to the gallantry of the partisans, as they will usually applaud any reference to martial valour. This passage was sufficient comment on an egregious question, earlier in the day, by Captain Alan Graham (the friend of any royal émigré government), who wanted Bracken to grant the British Press freedom to publish Mihailovitch war communiqués. From what the Prime Minister said, it was clear that "war communiqués" would be a euphemism for anything likely to emanate from the Mihailovitch H.Q.

Harold Nicolson, fresh from Algiers and Duff Cooper, opened the debate, instead of the usual Labour front-benchers, as the House trooped out to lunch. He protested vehemently against non-recognition of Algiers as "a grave error of policy"; there was much support for this view.

In the debate on the Finance Bill, Sir Herbert Williams made an entertaining and reactionary speech, sneering at Beveridge and anything else socially useful but likely to "cost a lot of money." He was cheered loudly by Tories who dared not be quite so blatant themselves. Assheton said that Stokes's anecdote about the Prudential cheque (quoted here last week) was "wholly incorrect."

On Friday a dozen of the extreme Tories, and one or two others, responded to intensive local authority pressure by "voting," as Haden Guest put it, "for dirty milk." Winterton punctured their arguments in one of his most slashing, dashing speeches; their spokesman, Turton, had said that the democracy for which our men overseas were fighting was the democracy of the parish council, so the operation was not arduous.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction with R.A.F. pay revisions. Many supplementaries left the matter overclouded.

Dr. Russell Thomas snickered at one of Sorensen's questions on statistics of disease in India. Gallacher: "Is it not the case that if some of the doctors on the other side of the House were sent to India, the figures would be much higher?"

PONTIFEX MINOR

COVENANTS AND ARMIES

By some mysterious means official conferences, even when they are held in secret, manage to diffuse their atmosphere far beyond their doors. No one doubts that the Conference with the Dominions which has just closed was a success or that it registered a close unity of will and outlook. There is nothing under that head to regret, save that neutral Eire was absent and that India, not yet a Dominion, was represented not by her own leaders but by our nominees. It seems that after full discussion the Conference reached the conclusion that there is no case for any change in the constitutional machinery by which this remarkable unity is achieved. "Machinery," indeed, is too formal a word to describe the habit of consultation which is the effective link between Westminster and the governments of the Dominions. Mr. Curtin, with the support of New Zealand, had wished to provide for the holding of more regular and more frequent Imperial Conferences. He also suggested an innovation of considerable importance—the creation of a permanent Secretariat, which could act for the Conference and keep it alive in the intervals between its meetings. This idea, which neither Canada nor South Africa favoured, was not adopted, though there was agreement on the need for fuller and more frequent consultation. Canada, it is interesting to note, feels herself able and eager to make her influence felt not merely round an imperial council table but on the international scene also. She is the second Power of the American Continent and her responsibilities link her as much with the United States as with the other Dominions and the Mother Country. But Australia also is fully aware of her international standing and has taken the initiative in suggesting the creation for regional purposes of permanent machinery linking all the Powers of the Pacific.

This Conference is visibly influencing British thinking, within the Commonwealth if not beyond it, about the International Authority which must be created after this war. If the British Empire can preserve its unity and its capacity for action without a paper constitution and with no institutions more formal than these irregular conferences, may it serve us as the model on which the world-wide organisation of to-morrow should be built? This is a fallacious argument. It is risky to conclude that methods which suit kinsmen who inherit a common culture and close financial ties will work where these are absent. The result of taking the British Empire as a model might not be the creation of a single world-wide international society: it might be the division of the earth between what would be in effect three vast empires, with their centres in London, Washington and Moscow.

Without further excursions into theory, let us try to see whither the prevailing tendencies are carrying us in the matter of international organisation. We know much less than we should like to know about Russia's views, while America's attitude may be affected by the results of the elections in November. Some things, however, are so clear that they hardly depend upon human volition. Firstly, it is clear that the decisive master-organisation must be world-wide. There is much that may be devolved on regional or Continental organisations, but they must be subordinate to the world-organisation that serves as their framework. It is, in the last resort, only a world-wide organisation that can effectively handle our problems of power and guarantee our security. The sea, as sailors used to say, is one: even more obviously is the air one. In so far as we succeed in controlling and rationing military power for the common safety by regulating the scale of armaments, the use of strategical materials and the allocation of bases, the thing can be done only on a world-wide scale. The problem, on the assumption that the military power of Germany and Japan are destroyed, will assume an almost perilous simplicity. Three terrific concentrations of military power will survive this war, and only three. China may build up a heavy industry that will one day make her a Great Power; but this will take her twenty years. The French may struggle to regain their old standing; the Poles may cherish traditional ambitions. But broadly we assume that the smaller Powers will not attempt to contest the primacy of the Big Three. They will count for a very little in the balance of power only in so far as they care to attach themselves, as allies or clients, to one of the giants. It follows that the maintenance of the world's peace will devolve on these three, and that others will share their burden only in a minor degree and as relatively passive items in the power pattern. They may agree on some reduction of the level of their armaments, but this will not seriously affect their standing, which depends less on the planes, tanks and ships they actually possess than on their industrial potential, their manpower and the extent of their territory.

Given this formidable and novel concentration of power at three centres, where will its direction reside? We may assume without argument that it will not be feasible to create a genuinely international police, by which we mean a force recruited paid and controlled by the international authority. Each of the Big Three will retain its own armed forces, nor do we think it likely that any one of the three will consent to place them at the absolute disposal of an international authority. In the last resort each of them will reserve to its own government the final decision between peace and war. What each will promise is that it will steadily and continuously join in consultations with its fellows. If the Council of the World Authority claims any executive powers, we assume that the sovereignty of the Great Powers will be safeguarded either by the usual unanimity rule or by some variant of it. The dangers and limitations of such a system of security are obvious, yet they may be unavoidable. So long as the Big Three act harmoniously together, it will be quite easy to preserve the world's peace. Neither the disarmed Axis Powers nor any minor ally would venture to defy them. Their will, so long as they have a united will, must always prevail. This arrangement will, however, have its manifest risks and disadvantages. The minor Powers will seek safety by becoming the allies of one of the Big Three. How far, thereafter, could the Big Power be trusted to take a relatively disinterested and impartial view of the conduct of one of its clients? That awkward situation arose even within the old League, which allowed the Poles to snatch Vilna, though it rebuked them, because they were the allies of the then dominant French. Finally, it is needless to point out that the whole system would collapse, if the Big Three ceased to act harmoniously together and took to playing the game of power-politics against each other.

The first step in any constructive effort is to register the limitations within which we have to act and face the risks. What then can be done to reduce these risks? If everything turns on habitual and friendly consultation, and on the habit of acting together, how can we best promote it? To begin with, we think it indispensable that the new Authority should have a secretariat, composed of able men who can exert a real influence. It is disturbing to hear that some Americans question this. Consultation will always be difficult, unless there is a Civil Service to prepare the ground. Again, we think that the Authority, whatever name we give it, should have a visible home—preferably not Geneva. It must appeal to the imagination of mankind and especially to the younger generation.

Finally, the risk of the abuse of power will diminish in proportion as we can build up our instruments of collaboration, especially in the economic field. Here we cannot dispense with institutions. We must have our I.L.O., our international bank, our U.N.R.R.A., a cultural centre, a board that controls aviation, a health centre, a department devoted to the colonial peoples, and much more. Either on a world-wide footing, or in the regions, or both, we shall hope to see organisations devoted to economic planning, which will direct the flow of capital investment, and promote the development of the backward countries. When visible and tangible benefits reach the members from the Central Authority; when they realise that their daily life depends upon it, coercion will become unnecessary and the apparatus of force may wither away. Benefits are a better cement than sanctions. If we can develop our organisation on these positive lines, the perils latent in the unequal distribution of military power may be reduced to less menacing proportions.

MONEY AND TRADE

SINCE the plan of the British and American experts for an International Monetary Fund was published three weeks ago, controversy on both sides of the Atlantic has been vigorously carried on. The new plan had, on the whole, a goodish press in the United States and a mixed reception here. Then, American opinion was adversely influenced by Sir John Anderson's statement in the House of Commons, designed to placate the British critics who saw in the plan a threat to return to the gold standard and tie Britain's hands in commercial policy.

The more reassuring Sir John Anderson was to critics here, the more was he bound to antagonise those Americans who have nailed the flag of "no discrimination" to the mast, in the confidence that, as America does not need to discriminate, what is good for it must be good for everybody else. Sir John Anderson, indeed, plainly overdid his reassurances, so that he had to take some of them back in a subsequent statement. From his original version, one would have supposed that acceptance of the proposed monetary agreement would in fact have committed this country to nothing. In his amendment he had to qualify his words by explaining that some of them referred only to a transitional period before the agreement could come fully into force, and that he had slipped into speaking of "trade agreements" when he had only meant to say "reciprocal arrangements" with no special reference to trade.

What does it all amount to? The Government has affirmed plainly, through the Chancellor, that it is opposed to a return to the gold standard and determined to preserve the unity of the sterling area in monetary affairs. Sir John laid stress on the necessity of keeping a flexible system of exchange rates for the pound, and pointed to the provisions in the draft for correcting disequilibrium by means of exchange depreciation. What he did not stress, though Lord Keynes did in a subsequent letter to the *Times*, was that, once a single depreciation up to 10 per cent. has been decreed, further depreciation can be only by consent of the authorities of the proposed Fund, unless a country elects to regain its freedom by withdrawing from the entire arrangements—as it is left free to do. The weapon of flexible exchanges is retained; but after the initial period its use, beyond 10 per cent., is made subject to international controls. Lord Keynes argues, in effect, that our interests as a world monetary centre are so much on the side of free convertibility of currencies—for who will leave funds on deposit in London if they are liable to be blocked?—as to make it well worth while for us to enter into an international arrangement on those lines. The critics answer that we cannot afford to do so if Britain's hands are to be tied against any use of "discrimination" in trade matters or unless there are much larger assurances than the new plan gives that ample loan funds will be forthcoming to meet the needs of countries which are in deficit in their balances of current payments.

Here comes the real difficulty over the interpretation of the new plan. Its defenders insist that it is a purely monetary plan, and involves no commitments outside the purely monetary field—in other words, that it in no way restricts any country's freedom to enter into such *commercial* agreements as it pleases. The critics, on the other hand, profess to find in it at least an implied acceptance of the principle of unrestricted multilateral trading, to the exclusion of any special arrangements, either within the sterling area or elsewhere, for developing mutual trade by barter, or bulk purchases, or any method that can be described as "discrimination." Plainly, the draft plan does not *explicitly* rule out such measures; for it says nothing about them. The question is whether it rules them out by implication, or will do so in practice.

The difficulty in resolving this question lies in the fact that monetary and trading policies are not two quite separate matters, but are closely intertwined. It is obvious that no monetary agreement can prevent a country from imposing what tariffs it pleases, or from putting quotas on imports, with or without discrimination, or from entering into barter or bulk purchase arrangements whenever it likes. What a monetary agreement can prevent—and what the present draft is clearly intended to prevent, is a nation's use of exchange control as an instrument for achieving discrimination indirectly—e.g., by rationing supplies of particular foreign currencies and thus limiting its nationals' purchases (or purchases by foreigners who have claims on its currency) of the goods of the country of whose currency it is short. If the present draft were to be accepted, discrimination would not be ruled out, but it would have to be open and direct, and could not be enforced by monetary dodges.

Now, of course, Mr. Cordell Hull has pronounced again and again against direct discrimination, and will presumably do his best to get us and other countries to renounce it in any international *commercial* agreements that may be made. We might have been able to go a long way to meet him in this respect (saving imperial preference), if we had been left free to discriminate as much as we chose by monetary means. The tighter the door is shut against indirect discrimination of this sort, the wider we shall have to keep it open for direct discrimination by means of trade agreements, bulk purchases, quotas, and other commercial methods. This is not because we have any love of discrimination for its own sake; it is because our exchange difficulties, not merely during a few years of transition, but for a long time to come, are bound to be so great that we shall have to restrain the power of our nationals to buy what they please abroad and shall have also to take special measures for getting our exports accepted in payment for the imports we must have in order to live at a reasonable standard and to keep our people employed.

Would it be better to tackle the trade nettle first, and leave the monetary nettle for later handling, instead of proceeding the other way round? Some say that it would; but to do so would only have run us into a different set of difficulties. The Americans are in effect asking us to do what we cannot possibly do—to accept a tying of our hands in both monetary and commercial policy. It is, however, practicable for us to do either only on condition of not doing the other. If we had tackled the trade issue first, we should have run tilt against Mr. Cordell Hull's most rooted prejudices; and it would probably have been impossible to get concessions nearly as substantial as those which the new draft, as we pointed out when it appeared, does embody on the monetary side. Even the critics admit that the new monetary plan, though it falls a long way behind the Keynes Plan, is a great improvement on the White Plan of last year. Probably, therefore, it was better to deal with the monetary problem first.

There is a further reason. Until we get some adjustment on the monetary side, it is impracticable even to make a beginning with those projects of international investment which are indispensable for European recovery and for raising standards of living in the more backward parts of the world. The new draft does not deal directly with either of these matters: indeed, it explicitly rules them out. But it is a necessary part of the clearing of the ground for dealing with them; and that, in effect, is what it is for and why it is worth while. The draft itself fully recognises the need for control over capital movements in order to prevent balance of payments from being thrown into utter confusion, as they have been in the past, by the mixing up of current and capital items. This is only the negative side: what is wanted next is a positive scheme for the development of foreign lending by those countries which have surpluses on current account, on a scale sufficient to cancel their surpluses. Last year's White currency plan was followed up by a second White plan adumbrating a scheme of international investment. This new White-Keynes draft is clearly meant to be the precursor of a redrafted Investment Plan, as well as of more special arrangements for the stimulation of recovery in Europe and in other parts of the world where devastation has been wrought by the war.

This, then, is our fundamental reason for believing the critics to be making a mistake. We agree with them entirely that it is beyond the power of Great Britain to pledge itself against "discrimination" in both the monetary and the commercial spheres. We agree with them that there would have been considerable advantage—if it could have been done *ceteris paribus*—in retaining our power to use exchange control as an instrument for influencing the currents of our trade with other countries. But, if we cannot do this without wrecking the chances of a substantial plan for the development of international investment, we shall have to do what we must do by other, and possibly less convenient, means. The Government, however, must make no mistake about this. The more we tie our hands about money, the more must we insist on our freedom to enter into what commercial arrangements we find expedient, not only with other Empire countries, but with foreign countries as well. Beggars cannot be choosers; and we shall soon be beggars if we let both our hands be tied behind our backs. We need not be beggars by accepting this agreement, if, in accepting it, we can link to it, in one and the same instrument, an adequate plan for international investment, on lines which will make full employment a practicable policy in the countries on which our export prospects depend.

MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

A copy of the Oxford Concise Dictionary has been sent to Marshal Tito with the compliments of the Oxford University Press. Daily Telegraph, *May 19.*

IF Tito relies on the Oxford Concise
And learns the King's English from Fowler,
He will find that his call at the doors of Whitehall
Was a bloomer, a slip, and a howler.
He will learn to correct his unlucky neglect
Of the high diplomatic essentials,
For a Partisan Mission, before recognition,
Can never present its credentials.

The Marshal may know how to tackle the foe,
He may drive back the Wehrmacht with ease,
But he's brought to a halt in his frontal assault
On the War Office *chevaux de frise*.
He may have inferred from the well-chosen word
That Great Britain his effort endorses,
To discover with pain Fowler views with disdain
Auxiliary partisan forces.

The Yugoslavs' share of the arms we can spare
He will learn to describe as a dribble,
The verbal bouquets which cloaks Eden's delays
He will shortly define as a quibble.
As the Marshal reads on he will ponder upon
The old English term *shilly-shally*
And a list keep in mind of the words headed *blind*,
Like blind eye, and blind door, and blind alley.

Acclaimed from a distance for feats of resistance
And applauded for gallant defiance,
He will learn common aims do not constitute
claims,
Nor do kind words imply an Alliance.
Though short as before of material of war,
The Marshal will not be insensible
That the Oxford Concise for linguistic advice
Is a guide that is quite indispensable.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

THE All-Slav conference meeting this week in London includes among its speakers representatives of Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Rumanians, Serbs, Croats, Ukrainians and Russians. A similar gathering meets in almost permanent session in Moscow; it publishes a monthly paper *Slavyane*, which is devoted to celebrating the wartime achievements of the various Slav nations outside the U.S.S.R. and to giving publicity to Slav cultural and literary activities. Increasingly the Orthodox Church has become associated with the Slav Conference and appeals are made to all Orthodox Christians, not forgetting individuals of the same Church in Greece and Rumania. It is too easily assumed by the clever that All-Slav is just another name for the old Pan-Slav, and All-Slavism just another example of the Soviet Union using the imperial weapon of Tsardom. In fact, the differences are vital. Pan-Slavism involved the forcible Russification of non-Russian minorities within the Russian Empire and, outside Russia, it stood for bleak reaction. Now the bitterest critics of the U.S.S.R. admit that Moscow has encouraged cultural autonomy and traditional national characteristics within the U.S.S.R., while outside Russia, the impact of the Red Army's successes and the prestige of Soviet development have made the U.S.S.R. the inevitable leader of all the progressive forces in eastern Europe. The old Russian Slavophils were xenophobe and dreamed of a Slav civilisation which would develop independently from the West. The opposite tendency is shown when Slavs meet now; Czechoslovak politicians, for instance, insist on the role of their country in building a bridge between East and West, while the All-Slav Conference refers to the "struggle of Slavs and all freedom-loving peoples." Finally, I believe it to be a mistake to assume that because Slav movements like Tito's are naturally influenced by the success of the U.S.S.R., they are likely to be docile satellites of Moscow.

* * *

Social surveys of one sort or another have come to stay. In a period when the choice is not between *laissez-faire* and State control, but between control in the public interest and control by private monopolies, surveys are invaluable aids to government. Fear that the "Cooper Snoopers" were being used as an instrument for prying into the Englishman's castle, had the result of hushing up the social inquiries of the Ministry of Information. A paper read by Kathleen Box and Geoffrey Thomas before the Royal Statistical Society on May 16th has now revealed that the Survey has been quietly continuing its investigations. Its fifty-five trained field workers and thirty-five administrative and technical personnel, operating on an annual budget of £40,000, have accumulated a great deal of curious information about the habits, actions and opinions of the British people. They show, to take a few isolated examples, that 71 per cent. of women, but only 57 per cent. of men in light industries eat buns, cakes and biscuits during a day (Ministry of Food); that 70 per cent. of Scottish housewives would like to move to a new house if they had the chance (Department of Health of Scotland); that 81 per cent. of men but only 62 per cent. of women know what venereal diseases are (Ministry of Health); that 4 per cent. of those between 14 and 17, but only 36 per cent. of those over 65, had seen one or other of six of the M.O.I.'s best-selling publications! Such chunks of information may or may not be useful; what is clear is that the technique of discovering popular wants by independent inquiries for what are increasingly departments for the supply of human needs is important and should be maintained after the war.

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All such official surveys should be made by trained investigators whose jobs do not depend on the department which uses their findings. But we also need quite separate, independent survey organisations like Mass Observation. If there is no pretence that the results of M.O. are "scientific" and it is clearly understood that their value is not statistical, but "qualitative," their books of evidence have unique value. The latest, *The Journey Home* (just published by John Murray, 6s.), is the best thing they have done. This record of the hopes and fears of some six hundred people of different kinds in different parts of the country, is immensely suggestive. The evidence of accumulating scepticism, the breakdown in the idea that man is "progressing," the belief that there need be no unemployment, but that "They" will not in fact prevent it, and that we shall see a repetition of the mistakes of twenty years ago—this evidence of expecting evil and therefore of being conditioned to accepting it, is impressive and depressing. This is a book to study and write about at leisure.

* * *

Mr. Robert Foot has an emotional, almost sentimental, approach to the problems of big business. I remember with what feeling, as Director-General of the B.B.C. explaining the General Forces Programme, he spoke of the desire of the men in the forces and their women at home to listen to the same broadcasts. In somewhat the same vein he described to newspaper men, a few days after taking over the chairmanship of the Mining Association last week, the two over-riding considerations that made him decide to leave the B.B.C. The first was that it was for coal, and coal is the lifeblood of the country. The second was the human side, the relations between Capital and Labour, the miner. The most important thing he had to do, he added a minute later, was to get the human side, the Labour side, right. He was going to spend three months in the coalfields, meeting the miners in pit and cottage. Miners must have the opportunity for a happy life, and that could not be unless their homes and welfare were right. At the emotion in his voice, a correspondent was seen to brush away a tear.

* * *

It was all very nice, and I don't doubt Mr. Foot's sincerity for a minute. It must surely sound odd to some of the owners! That is not the tone in which they, or their Association, have been accustomed to talk about miners. But they are paying Mr. Foot a huge salary to save the mines for them. They have put their fate in his hands. They know that if the plan for the future of the industry they have engaged him to draw up is not a success, nationalisation is inescapable, and they have realised, at last, that for fear of something worse they will have to put up with more unpleasant things than gentle words to the miners—amalgamations, mechanisation, co-partnership, training schemes, who knows what? So they are silent and let Mr. Foot talk. An industry is worth a mass.

* * *

The C.I.O. seems now to be playing a great and benevolent part in American politics. It is splendid news that Martin Dies, whose committee has long been the pest of America, has suddenly announced that he will not seek re-election as a Congressman for Texas. He declares that if he stayed in Congress too long "he would become a politician"—which is a good crack from the chairman of a Committee which has used its powers to oust liberals of all kinds from American political life. Apparently his second-in command has just been defeated in Alabama by the C.I.O., which has been calling upon industrial workers (whose numbers have been greatly increased recently by immigration from the North) to wake up to their political responsibilities. Indeed, it seems to have been generally making things hum, working for the repeal of the poll-tax and championing many other Liberal causes, as well as backing President Roosevelt for a fourth term.

* * *

Countrygoer is the first of what should prove a very useful and attractive series of books devoted to expatiating about the British countryside, revelling in it, protesting against its desecration, suggesting improvements in its husbandry and otherwise giving those who love it a chance to express themselves to some purpose. This at least is how I interpret its function; it describes its own function as to introduce the townsman to the country. It is illustrated with superb photographs. It contains among other contributions a eulogy on walking by C. E. M. Joad, who has nicely caught the tradition of Hazlitt, R.L.S., G. M. Trevelyan and C. E. Montague. There are other worthy contributions. Tom Williams, M.P., on holiday camps; John Betjeman characteristically on "England is a Garden—Not a Garden City"; and Easterbrook on "Understanding the Country." This series deserves success; there are few things in an evil world so certainly good as the continued British capacity to walk and cycle in spite of cars, to produce in the garden flowers in spite of the prior duty to concentrate on cabbages, and, in the fields, with a view to the future as well as the war, to contrive to make two mangel-wurzels grow where only one grew before.

* * *

Sam is one of the most effective of open-air speakers. He holds forth from a "left" angle in Lincolns Inn Fields. His technique is to increase the audience of the Socialist, Pacifist or Economic League speakers by a constant stream of awkwardly chosen interruptions and then, when the speaker has finished, carry on in his place. The other day I stopped for a minute on the outskirts of a considerable crowd. Sam said: "Now, of course, I may get run in and jugged one day. The bother in England is that they usually jug the wrong people." Near me were a police inspector and a constable. One could see their ears prick at this, but their faces remained immovable. Sam went on: "If you take a rabbit from the land, you go to gaol. If you take the land from the rabbit you get a peerage." At this unexpected conclusion the constable's face was a study of ice maintained against severe internal pressure. The inspector thawed openly and then, as the crowd laughed, he looked with severe determination at a spot somewhere between his boots. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to W. A. L.-L.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"DO ENGLISHMEN ONLY SURVIVE DEATH?"—*Psychic News.*

Manchester people will be able to sit in church and follow the first moves of the invasion of Europe on the day it starts.

In a series of eleven 20-min. services during the day the Rev. Charles Reed, rector of St. Ann's Church, Manchester, will deliver "sermon-commentaries" on the fighting as given in latest newspaper reports.—*Daily Mail.*

"There is no doubt the existence of the Home Guard stopped the Germans coming here."—Field-Marshal Lord Ironside quoted in *Liverpool Evening Express.*

Seen on a church door somewhere in the Lake District: "Owing to scarcity of labour and lack of ground space, only dead people living in the parish can be interred here."—*The Stratford-upon-Avon Herald.*

Civil Servants regard these [Parliamentary] questions as more than a nuisance, as not only do they interfere with work, but it is felt that the underlying idea is often criticism and not praise.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

THE BRAINS TRUST: A RETROSPECT

THE fuss dies down, the dust begins to settle and the nine days' wonder passes into its tenth day, as the Brains Trust, tamed and groomed, subsides into an established national institution for the weekly delivery of decorous lecturettes by eminent persons in reply to guaranteed non-inflammable questions.

The publication of Howard Thomas's book, *Britain's Brains Trust**, affords an opportunity for a retrospect and an estimate. It is an extremely well-written book, full of intimate personal details and shrewd character sketches; it contains some admirable photographs—one notes in particular a superb shot of Sir William Beveridge being made up before appearing in a Brains Trust film; above all, it takes the reader behind the scenes.

The original association of Huxley, Campbell and myself on the Brains Trust was largely accidental; yet the combination proved unexpectedly effective. The public liked to hear the scrapping which Huxley and I brought to the discussion of such questions as the relation between the brain and the mind; it liked still more to hear Campbell keeping his end up with both of us—when he was clearly shown to be wrong by Huxley or even, on occasion, by myself, he would get scores of letters from sympathetic listeners testifying to their faith and trust in him—and on occasion hitting the bowling all round the wicket.

For example, after Campbell had made the country roar with laughter by his illustration of the use of the word "allergic" from persons who could not eat marmalade because it made their head steam, he discomfited the scoffers by triumphantly producing letters from marmalade-head-steamers congratulating him on his knowledge of their peculiarity. The Brains Trust also introduced thousands of people for the first time to the interchange of ideas. At its best it conveyed the suggestion of a good after-dinner discussion between educated persons on matters in regard to which the truth is not known. Thus listening gave many people the sense of enjoying a new experience. It was, again, a source of perennial satisfaction to hear the experts caught out. . . .

These were only some of the many incidental reasons for the popularity of the Brains Trust. For the root causes I think one must go deeper. I venture to suggest three. First, that there exists among people an accumulated fund of unexpended seriousness. There has been a good deal of sporadic evidence of this during the war. Army classes and discussion groups, A.B.C.A. lectures, Mass Observation reports indicating renewed interest in religious questions, the revival of music to which the success of C.E.M.A. testifies—all these are straws that show which way the wind is blowing. The Brains Trust is, I think, the outstanding piece of evidence. Nor is the fact surprising. There have been ages crueller, wickeder, more brutal, but never so silly an age as the one before the war. Eight out of nine of us did no serious reading of any kind after we left school at fourteen; only ten per cent. had contact with any religious organisation and by most of us the questions with which religion has historically concerned itself were ignored. It was not that they were not answered: they were not asked. Very few young people, less than two per cent. of those under 23, were members of a political party.

The Press, I think, consistently underrated the underlying seriousness of a public whom it fed with crosswords, football pools, crime stories, sex stories and snippets of gossip and gobbets of news, on the assumption that the powers of the average man's concentration were exhausted by two minutes' reading on any one topic. Women in particular suffered from under-stimulated minds.

It was this unexploited vein of seriousness in the public that the Brains Trust tapped. The mail bag of a regular member of the Brains Trust was a revelation. "I am isolated," people would say, "I have nobody to talk to. I would like to read about philosophy or science or psychology, but I don't know what books to read and I have nobody to tell me." One was astonished at the extent of people's information usually misapplied, or erudition almost always unappreciated. What a lot of books and pamphlets have been written which nobody ever reads; what a lot of theories are gestated which nobody understands; what an immense mass of unsuspected cerebration goes on in the minds of unacknowledged thinkers. During the last three years I must have had well over a thousand letters conforming to the following stock-draft type:

"Dear Mr. Joad,

> I always listen to the Brains Trust with the greatest interest, and appreciate your contributions in particular. . . . I am astonished at the wealth of your knowledge. All this makes it the more surprising that you should have made such an unmitigated fool of yourself over. . . ."

Over whatever it was! Enclosed with the letters were a batch of pamphlets written by the author, and guides to Swedenborg or Ouspenski or Christian Science, or Spiritualism, or Rosicrucianism, or Astrology, or Theosophy, or Herbert Spencer, or Mrs. Eddy, or whoever or whatever it was that would put me right.

Secondly, there is the failure of popular education to satisfy the people's needs or to win their interests. Something, it is clear, is radically wrong with our educational system if we are to judge by results, of which one is the bringing up and sending into the world of a generation of young people who, taking them by and large, are without the desire to read or the habit of reading. "On a train journey not one in a hundred," I said, "can be seen reading a book." "But that," I admonished myself, "is plainly an exaggeration." So I set out to put it to the test. The train, from Edinburgh to London, takes normally nine hours, and on this occasion was an hour late. It was full of soldiers. They had long exhausted their somewhat slender resources of conversation; the mild delights of looking out of the window had palled hours ago; there they sat hour after hour bored and low, and to not one in a hundred did it occur to relieve their boredom by reading. For I went through the train counting—counting soldiers and airmen of all ranks, and I reached number one hundred and four before I found my first book reader. He was reading *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*.

The B.B.C. was hailed as a great potential educator of adults, and there have been many gallant efforts to make good its early promise. On the whole they must be written off as failures. Like so many educational institutions in this country, like the University Extension lectures, attended by their select côteries of the cultured; like the W.E.A. with its 70,000 gallant students, it has succeeded in appealing only to an unrepresentative handful. Education in England is for the mass of the people a thing apart. It is conducted in a vacuum; or was, until the Brains Trust idea provided a new bridge to link education and the people. No doubt the Brains Trust offered *hors d'œuvres* rather than a meal, but the *hors d'œuvres* were consumed by the million and appetites were whetted. Of course we said some silly things, and it was humiliating to be reminded in an Oxford Common Room of some sickly little half-truth which the spur of the moment had pricked out of one. But then we had no straw with which to drop our bricks, and it was never clear to me, anyway, what Oxford dons were doing with radio sets at 8.15 on a Tuesday night. The encouraging thing was that out of the hundreds of letters that I received, a fairly steady percentage were from those who asked, "What books can I read?" "What Classes can I attend?" "How can I study for a degree?" Huxley, no doubt, can say the same. The beginnings, then, of a new technique of popular education for those who wanting to study, to read, to think, had nevertheless remained aloof from the institutions which exist to cater for their need.

Thirdly, the Brains Trust broke through, if only for a time, the glaze of B.B.C. gentility. The B.B.C. is part of the Civil Service at least in this, that its dominating objective is to avoid a row as symbolised by a question in Parliament. There may be good reasons for this attitude in a Government Department, but it seems to me to be disastrous in an institution one of whose objects should be the promotion and stimulation of thought. Thought is formed and guided by the vigorous advocacy of different points of view, irrespective of their truth or falsehood; yet we look to the radio in vain for the vigorous expressions of strongly held opinions. Where the canvas of controversy should be painted—overpainted if you will—in blacks and whites, the B.B.C. gives us only a monochrome of grey. The world is as full as ever of fools and scoundrels, but whatever is said must not offend the scoundrels or provoke the fools. The expression of strongly held opinion always offends somebody. Therefore, it is concluded, there must be no strong expression of vigorously held opinion. The B.B.C., in fact, proceeds upon the assumption that nothing must be said over the microphone which could produce a ripple of disagreement in the still waters of the minds of Tory maiden aunts, born two-thirds of a century ago and living on—for such do not die—into a different age in the closes of cathedral towns. When Quintin Hogg once attacked me on a Brains Trust with heat and feeling, calling me an old man whose views had helped to bring on this war in the past and, if persisted in, would bring on another war in the future, there was the devil of a fuss. The B.B.C. was deluged with protests and I received a couple of hundred letters from soft-hearted persons anxious to express their sympathy with the victim of Mr. Hogg's unprovoked attack. For my part, I was unable to see what the fuss was about. Why shouldn't a man say what he thinks, and say it as forcibly as he thinks it? It was only because the B.B.C. had for so long soothed our ears with radio syrup, administered to us by decorous voices, inculcating platitudes with Oxford accents, that people were shocked.

Now, for a time the Brains Trust broke through this tradition. In its early days when the Trust was comparatively unimportant, we said what we liked and answered questions on religion and politics. Presently religion dropped out altogether—under pressure, the B.B.C. made a clean breast of this—and the questions on politics grew fewer and fewer, although the B.B.C. never admitted that there was a virtual ban on political discussion. Finally, a point was reached at which not even the mildest of political questions could be ventured upon. Thus, to cite a couple of examples that came within my own experience, where dozens could be given, the Brains Trust was not allowed to answer the questions, "What are the causes of anti-Semitism?" "What is the difference between a Conservative, a Liberal, a Socialist and a Communist?" Meanwhile, the B.B.C. was giving itself marks for permitting on the Brains Trust free discussion.

Howard Thomas is, no doubt, right in thinking that the popularity of the Brains Trust was largely due to the interplay of personalities but, as the hubbub increased, one was bound to ask oneself, popularity to what end? And, for me, the end was education. The Brains Trust served this end by virtue of its ability to guide listeners through the rapids of controversy and to plunge them at last into the dark and bracing waters of thought. I venture, then, to claim that to an institution which has increasingly come to equate controversy with sin, the Brains Trust has done service by bringing back something of the great English tradition of discussion, disagreement, plain speaking, even on occasion of invective.

C. E. M. JOAD

**Britain's Brains Trust.* By HOWARD THOMAS. Chapman & Hall. 15s.

STANISLAWOW CLOSE-UP

STANISLAWOW is in the news of the Eastern Front. It is the gateway to the Polish oilfields, a key railway town and a cross-roads of creeds and races. Its stronghold of culture is a conservatoire, accredited by the State, although the governing board consists of a company of private citizens and music-lovers, a theatre and an opera, all under the roof of one modern building, furnished with up-to-date technical stage equipment and an enormous theatre wardrobe. We used to say in New York that fifty per cent. of our theatrical producers and top-line virtuosi hailed either frotm Stanisławów or Lwów. Anyway, it was this stretch of earth that was originally responsible for Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Marcella Sembrich, Adamo Didur, and a host of lesser artistes. They are both border towns, where passions are hot, voices are succulent, and talent thrives so easily and with so little coaxing in their soil, that it is taken for granted, like heather on the Scottish moors.

The country surrounding the town used to remind me of nothing so much as the Book of Proverbs, watching the women wash their flax in the streams, women who for long hours sat at the spindle and at the loom, weaving yards upon yards of beautiful linen, sometimes striped or patterned with black, and sometimes, when it had been fashioned into garments, stitched with many colours; women to whom the coral and the amber were precious; women who lived and ministered to their husbands and brought up their sons and daughters in low, thatched cottages that clung to the earth as if born of it. To the south-east, climbing towards the Carpathians, past the little summer spas of Nadwórna, Delatyn and Kosów, and on the lower ranges, lived that proud, meridional people who call themselves Hutculs, and acknowledge no special allegiance either to Russian or Pole, although they speak the Ruthenian language, are of Orthodox faith, and worship in the picturesque little domed wooden *cerkiews* that peer out over the brows of hills and into train windows.

Stanisławów itself is a sprawling, provincial town, with residential sections extending in every direction of one-storey houses of the villa type and a few modern flat buildings inspired by current styles in American architecture. In its one or two business streets, banks and hotels occupy the most imposing edifices. A magnificent park on the edge of the city is immaculately kept and planted with a gardener's genius for colour and design. Even in deep winter snows it is a magic rendezvous. A large market-place is flanked on one side by a new town hall, whose tower can be seen all the way to the next station, which is Halicz, once capital of a Prince of the ancient Byzantine Empire—now home of a unique Semitic sect which rejects Rabbinical tradition, known as the Karaïtes. On the top of his building in the centre of the town, a restauranteur has created a roof garden with bright umbrellas and growing things. The cinemas got their pictures straight from America, often before Warsaw or Lwów. The night clubs had their torch-singers. In the middle of the principal street was the *kasyno*, the clubhouse of the town's leading men—business and professional men, the landowners from round about, and the priests engaged in education.

But although the *kasyno* was reserved principally for Polish Catholic society, it was not this grouping which lent to the town its peculiar character of variegated cosmopolitanism, more pronounced perhaps than in almost any other Polish city. Stanisławów was an outpost of Polish Catholicism, which extended hospitality nevertheless to neighbouring cults. The lovely pro-Cathedral of the Roman faith, with its red-tiled roof in many planes, was one of the finest examples of Baroque in Central Europe. It was built by the Potocki family in the XVII century. Across the square, just off the market-place, was the Cathedral of the Uniate sect of Greek Orthodoxy, which acknowledges the Pope and which might be designated as the "national" Ruthenian Church. Down the road from the market was the Armenian Church; for Stanislawów had a large and highly respected percentage of Armenian population; and facing the theatre loomed the great Jewish synagogue, where we used sometimes to go to hear a fine, young cantor who was enrolled as a student in the Conservatoire. The old, orthodox Jews of Stanislawów still wore the traditional long robes, skull caps and beards. Rabbis' caps were handsomely bordered with brown fox fur. But I always felt a peculiar sort of spell issuing from the darkened synagogues of the poor—dilapidated shacks they were, rising from the pavement, whose candles gleamed through narrow windows as we passed and behind whose closed doors were audible those devoutly ardent, praying voices. Stanisławów's Jewish population could almost determine the success of an opera, and helped to keep the musical standard of the town high enough to challenge the best talents of the country.

Our opera drew heavily upon the Ukrainians—the political name for Ruthenians—for its voices; and we became rather attached to this people. We liked the quaint, soft way they had of pronouncing the Polish language, the disarming brilliance of their natural gifts, and their capacity for child-like devotion. Mania, our Ruthenian cook, who could neither read nor write, would memorise lists of as many as twenty items on her shopping tours of a market day, and never did she forget or make the slightest error in provisions or in money. I also loved the embroidered aprons and chemises of these folk, especially the older designs, and the black kerchiefs the women wore on their heads, which lent them an exotic, oriental dignity.

We passed our last two years in Stanisławów sharing a flat with the family of a Ukrainian surgeon. He had been a young army doctor in World War No. 1, and remembered his meeting with the ill-fortuned Rudolph when he came to Stanislawów, and how formerly the Austrian Army officers used to enjoy the gracious little city of Lwów, with its famous parks and its Eastern Fair, as a favourite week-end resort. The doctor was a reserved man, who, while he had been shunned more or less by the Poles because he was a Ukrainian nationalist and a bit of a debater in politics, had become one of the richest men in the town, and had erected the fine, modern block of flats in which we lived. He was genuinely touched by our taste for the popular arts of the Ukrainian folk and allowed his daughter, said to be the most beautiful girl in Stanisławów, to go with me to the distant Polish village of Żabie—the first big Carpathian village taken in the present campaign by the Red Army—in search of peasant pottery. Our pilgrimage consumed more time than we had allowed, so that it was nearly dark when we started on the long trip back through the mountains to Worochta, where we were passing the night. The narrow road lay, most of the way—a three-hour drive—between deep, black, impenetrable forests, storied abodes of wild beasts and bandits. We passed the fires of lumberjacks and tramps along the wayside, and we heard the howls of the wolves echoing from a distance through the forests. But the driver assured us that, as it was early autumn, the animals had not yet become hungry and would not attack us.

It was in 1932, our first year in Stanisławów, that my husband awoke one morning, saying he had dreamed that he was homeless, without country or family to which he could go. Four years later he had another vivid dream that Stanisławów was enveloped in flames from which there was no escape. Shortly after this he said to me one day: "Look here. I want to get you out of Poland while it is still possible to take you out. Mark my words and let us leave the country as soon as we can." And so in 1937 we said farewell to the sprawling town, which had become curiously dear to us, and set our faces towards Paris.

LOUISE LLEWELLYN JARECKA.

BEVAN, VAUGHAN, CRAXTON

It is already difficult, at any rate for those under fifty, to reconstruct the world of English painting as it appeared thirty-five years ago. Sargent dazzled most of the *cognoscenti*, others saw in Brangwyn a great master, and those who plumed themselves on a particular refinement preferred the claims of Wilson Steer and the New English Art Club. The young Augustus John and his friends were exciting the hopes of a few ultra modernists, but Sickert and his Camden Town group could hardly sell a picture. How changed the landscape after thirty-five years! John's friends, Innes and Derwent Lees, died young, after painting some delightful works. And the dominating feature has become Sickert, while the range of which he is the peak also becomes increasingly imposing: Spencer Gore, Gilman, Bevan and Ginner. An exhibition at the Lefèvre offers Bevan to the critic's theodolite. And once again one is puzzled by the curse which seems to have been cast on English painting. Bevan was born in 1865; as a young man he painted at Pont Aven; in 1897 he settled in England; in 1908 he joined the Camden Town Group; and he died in 1925. His early works are enchanting: look at the *Polish Cottages*—here are the sensibility, the spontaneous response to Nature, the sensuous pleasure in handling that have distinguished so many young English artists. Then Bevan became obsessed with pursuing solidity of design. The contours are emphasised, the foliage becomes angular, and the pictures are simplified, sometimes into the semblance of posters. He had been a friend of Gauguin, and he was now working on similar lines to the young Frenchmen who were developing Cubism from hints in Cézanne and Van Gogh and African sculpture. If Bevan had lived, he would probably have emerged from this phase, all the stronger for the experience. The odd thing is that he should have continued in it so long. One suspects that he was rather a slow-minded man of the sort for whom theories are particularly dangerous. Go back to the early work and you cannot but see in him one more gifted English painter who has squandered his heritage. But even in the later pictures, if you look into them, there is still a strong painterly sense despite the over-simplification and the heavily stylised contours. Moreover, one of them, *Camden Town Bridge*, is the best Bevan I have ever seen: it seems to call for a home in the Tate.

The drawings in the same Gallery by Keith Vaughan are frankly imitative: Graham Sutherland, Henry Moore and John Piper receive homage, but the happiest works are industrial landscapes that derive, though less slavishly, from Paul Klee. (All the drawings are the fruit of stray hours stolen by the artist from his life in the Army.) Young painters have always begun by imitating the style of some senior. Since Leonardo and Raphael did this, why blame Mr. Vaughan? Mr. Craxton at the Leicester Galleries raises the same question. He, too, pays tribute to Graham Sutherland. It is significant that two such gifted young painters should follow him as a previous generation followed Picasso. But this does not surprise me. Six years ago I wrote about Sutherland with what must then have seemed extravagant admiration; and since then this admiration has continually increased. I think him incomparably the most interesting painter of the younger generation. At the same time I doubt whether he is a good master to follow, any more than Greco was: alike in vision and design he is too personal. What is natural to him appears a mannerism in others. And so I find it specially difficult to guess what powers Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Craxton are likely to develop. I noticed that where Mr. Craxton is most original he is also least enjoyable—that is to say in the texture and colour of his oil paintings. Moreover, from Sutherland he takes what is most disconcerting, whereas Mr. Vaughan takes what is most engaging. In temperament these two young painters are evidently most dissimilar. But it is too soon to say confidently anything more, except that the current romantic revival has won two new and gifted followers.

Also at the Leicester Galleries are paintings by Mr. Manson, uncommonly sure in tone, and sculptures by Mr. Epstein, whose *Girl with the Camellias* is likely to increase, by its *Art Nouveau* winsomeness, his already astonishing popularity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

EXHIBITION OF GREEK ART IN CAMBRIDGE

In Cambridge the Spring's extravagance—in the grass the bluebells and wild orchids, in the gardens the wallflower, iris and hyacinth, in the air laburnum, lilac, hawthorn and the chandeliers of the chestnut trees—is outvied, in the FitzWilliam Museum, by the hand of Man.

Here are *his* lions, horses and cats, his leaves and shells, but also his nymphs, chimæras, sirens and griffins; here are Aphrodite, Eros and Hermes; here is man himself with his helmet and axe; woman with her cups, dishes and dresses; here are their tent and bed curtains, their coins and their gems.

In bronze, in marble, in terra-cotta, in chalcedony, in silver and gold, in ivory, in silk and linen, man has worked with imagination and skill for 5,000 years.

> Zeus caused a russet cloud to draw nigh to them and rained on them abundant gold, while grey-eyed Athene herself bestowed upon them every art, so that they surpassed all mortal men by their deftness of hand, and along the roads rose works of art like unto beings that lived and moved; and great was their fame. (*Pindar*)

This third Exhibition of Greek Art, opened by the Greek Ambassador on May 9, can be seen till June 20. It has been arranged by Mr. Charles Seltman and Mrs. Chittenden with their illuminating taste, under the auspices of the Greek Government and the British Council, with the help of Mr. Louis Clark, director of the Museum. Many of the Colleges of the University, as well as the FitzWilliam, have lent beautiful objects; and though the paintings from the Edinburgh exhibition are missing, these have been replaced by such outstanding acquisitions, particularly in sculpture, that this Exhibition is virtually a new one.

Several pieces of sculpture invite and excite comparison: *No.* 234: *Head from the Parthenon, probably Hippodameia,* 447–443 B.C., where a human expression (contrast between eyes and mouth of dream, with pride and sensuality—"et jamais je ne pleurs et jamais je ne ris?"—) is frozen into shape, so hard and economical is the superb form—"je suis belle, ô mortels, comme un rêve de pierre"!—*No.* 240, *head of Aphrodite smiling, manner of Praxiteles, 4th century* B.C. where the super-sensitiveness of expression seems intangible, and the delicacy of modelling incredible in stone. *No.* 604: *a youth leading his horse, about* 500 B.C., the famous "Cottenham relief," where sensibility and simplicity reach a perfect serene form, even in a fragment. Mr. Seltman describes this relief as "the finest piece of sculpture in the exhibition," whereas he refers wittily to *No.* 256: *the figure of a boy, probably the child of Antony and Cleopatra* as a "cautionary tale in bronze."

> Alas! that such affected Tricks
> Should flourish in a Child of Six.

Another lovely smiling woman, *No.* 236, *Fragment from Koropi Attica 2nd half 4th century* B.C., *and a torso of Apollo Sauroktonos after Praxiteles, about* 300 B.C., should be remembered.

For special note: amongst the early bronzes, a Corinthian helmet, the head ot a magical griffin, small geometric figures; from the Bronze Age, the little white marble Picassian figures from the Cyclades, 3000 B.C.; pieces amongst the terra-cottas and the painted and geometric vases, and amongst the coins all of which are original, and which show the greatest unsurpassed designs of the Greeks. One can say that every bit of jewellery is lovely, necklaces, rings, headbands, bracelets—*A banded agate carved as a face scarab with head of a negress in relief—A gold pin, the head of Eros playing on Pan pipes*——.

The paintings are much less important that those shown in Edinburgh, but the Cretan *St. John the Forerunner* is here, and a Byzantine book with a fine illustration of *St. Mark on gold ground.*

In the first rooms hang the bright coloured and subtly designed embroideries from Naxos, Paros, Crete, Mitylene and many Isles of Greece; leaves, birds and diamonds—they are the flowering trees of woman; while below in mirror cases the Byzantine ceramics, about A.D. 1000—green and golden bowls with designs of *galloping bob-tailed nags and nautilus shells* and *bouncing hares,* and other Byzantine lovelinesses such as a *glass "mille fiori" bowl,* the *Ivory bust of an Empress,* a *necklace of gold and pearls* and a *silver boat-shaped vessel* are examples of the never-fading flower-beds of Man.

MARY HUTCHINSON

Others Are Waiting!

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THE MOVIES

"This Happy Breed," at the Gaumont
"Ministry of Fear," at the Plaza
"Tawny Pipit," at the Leicester Square
"The Battle of Russia" and "See Here, Private Hargrove," at the Empire

The number of good films about English life has been mounting up; *Millions Like Us, The Demi-Paradise,* quite recently, have explored the unexplorable; and with *This Happy Breed* we shall no longer be able to keep up any pretence of not knowing ourselves. It would be hard to overpraise the skill, the feeling, and the enhanced fidelity of this film. Geometrical roofs and gardens, an ugly little suburban row in Clapham, an ugly little house indistinguishable from the others in that row; the camera goes in at the front door and stays there for twenty years with the family that has moved in. We get to know the family so well that the cat is a personage, too, the wallpaper and the cruet chime; every detail belongs, and it's an exactness that flowers and never constricts. How exactly right are the accents, the clothes, the ideas, the shindies and celebrations, the moments when the wireless or the news headline takes over! A Mass-Observation report on "Sycamore Road, Clapham," would no doubt provide us with the same detail, exhibited under glass; Mr. Noel Coward sees it very much alive. I will admit that, not being a Noel Coward fan, I had expected something far more theatrical and superficial, and that *In Which We Serve* —despite its merits—hadn't at all prepared me for the mastery of comedy revealed in *This Happy Breed.* It is tragi-comedy, perhaps, this family history of the years between the wars, though the stress throughout is light. People grow older, the old die, the young rebel or fit in, there are marriages and accidents and partings, the crystal set gives way to valves, memories of one war merge into apprehensions of the next, and we sense an end to things when the house finally empties. The family life of the Gibbonses, we may feel, with its loyalties and ailments, its jokes and idols, will never return; and as likely as not Sycamore Road, Clapham, copped it in the Blitz. The feeling isn't tragic, however, because the English are not a tragic people; no cherry trees are heard falling under the axe; such message as the film conveys is that social change is inevitable but gradual, even at a time of crisis in the world's history. Comic and indestructible and pathetic, the Gibbonses come and go. Mr. Coward laughs at them, sympathises, admires. They inspire him both to cleverness (cleverly unobtrusive) and to genuine feeling. His actors are carried along on the flow of that feeling, which never misses a point or underlines a word, and the standard of acting in *This Happy Breed* is comparable with that of the best French films. Miss Celia Johnson, especially, gives a wonderfully subtle and touching performance in a part that might easily have been depressingly dull. Robert Newton, Stanley Holloway, John Mills, Kay Walsh and Amy Veness also show that freedom of action which can only result from the most skilful direction. Mr. David Lean is the director: a name new to me. But the film, in every shot and casual retort, is Mr. Coward's.

This film puts him in the front rank of film makers. A minor triumph—so discreet that one almost loses sight of it—is the use of technicolor, which for the first time has been made to produce effects both pleasing and natural.

The England of two other films this week w stir hardly more than a flicker of recognition. *Minist of Fear* is Graham Greene's fantasy about the bli with all the local colour removed by Fritz Lang. Th seedy nerve-wracked hero has turned into Mr. Ra Milland, impeccably cool and handsome, and sinc this is a thriller every door creaks and mists cling i the hollows. Not too bad as thrillers go. *Tawn Pipit* tries to make something out of bird-watching i the village, but except for the landscape and one o two jokes about gaffers and ornithologists, it is a di little affair, appropriately toned in sepia.

The fourth instalment in Frank Capra's history o the war, *The Battle of Russia,* is also the longe and the best. In eighty minutes the three years o war in Russia have been brilliantly resumed, and fo most of us this will be our first clear view of event in that huge and chaotic struggle. The material, o course, is superb: once more we are staggered b Sevastopol, the terrible winter in Leningrad, burn countryside, battles over snowfields and cornfields and now to tragedy is added a glimpse of strategy In contrast, the Empire programme offers also a comedy of training in the U.S. army. *See Here, Private Hargrove,* is bright, realistic and slangy, and Robert Walker as the victim of fatigues has a slim charm.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE SOLDIER'S VOTE

SIR,—Quite recently, a great deal was mentioned in the Press and on the radio concerning the new scheme for soldiers voting by proxy in coming elections. Here is my own experience of this scheme.

Having recently returned from overseas, I was posted to No. 2 Squadron of a unit in this country. On inquiry at the orderly room, I was informed that I was the very first man in the whole squadron who had asked for the necessary voting form. Not one man had bothered his head about it, and so all the squadron clerk could do was to give me the number of the form, namely B2626. This he discovered from an army pamphlet dug up, for my sake, from underneath a pile of papers.

A similar situation of complete neglect in this important matter of proxy-voting existed also, I found, in No. 1 Squadron.

On being posted out to a regiment, I found that here, too, I was the first man to inquire for form B2626. But at least the position was a slight improvement on Squadron 2, in that the regimental office actually had the forms in stock. However, my inquiry served some purpose, in that it stimulated a little action on the part of the office staff. The forms were distributed amongst the men in the regiment.

Now the question was would my fellow soldiers, none of whom had been sufficiently interested in his vote to ask for a proxy-form, bother to complete the forms now that they had them? A little "Gallup Survey" of my own convinced me that some two-thirds of the men were too apathetic even to fill in the very simple details asked. I was assured that either they were not interested in politics or else that they considered all political parties to be mere instruments for politicians' ambitions—"so what's the use, anyway!"

Friends in a neighbouring unit inform me that they, too, have met with the same apathy. In fact, the position is worse with them, because B2626 is only issued to each man individually if and when he bothers to ask for it.

From this I draw the following conclusions:—

(1) O.C.s in general, have not bothered to draw the attention of their men to these forms or to the vital necessity for their use.

(2) The appalling apathy of the average soldier towards a matter so vitally concerning their future.

(3) The extreme urgency for every politically thinking soldier in units in which forms B2626 have not yet been distributed, insisting, at his orderly room, on their distribution, and explaining their vital nature to his fellow soldiers.

CORPORAL

CLERICAL DISCIPLINE

SIR,—From all well-wishers of the Anglican clergy the able article under the above heading by the Reverend Gilbert Cope will evoke sincere sympathy. It is important that the clergy should be free to express unpopular opinions which they believe to be true. But I cannot help thinking that Mr. Cope has magnified the dangers to be apprehended from the Church Assembly Measures which he describes. As he himself admits, there are cases "where the general well-being of a parish suffers as a result of some kind of incapacity on the part of the incumbent." We all know such cases. The three Clergy Discipline Measures now before the Assembly are simply an honest attempt to meet this situation. They have been drafted and repeatedly revised by the representatives of the clergy themselves. They seem to provide adequate safeguards against victimisation, and, if the "well-being of the parishes" is to be taken into account at all, it is hard to conceive how more lenient or considerate treatment could be extended to slack or misbehaving clergy. However important may be an incumbent's security of tenure, this surely ranks second to the welfare of the Church as a whole. Let us view these measures in proper perspective. They belong to a series of reforms, long overdue, to which the Church Assembly set its hand twenty-five years ago. Abolition of the scandalous scale of livings, the provision of pensions for the clergy, the modification—not yet the complete reform—of the obsolete patronage system—these things have already been accomplished and have immensely strengthened the Church's power for good. But they have only been accomplished—I say it as a lay member of the Church Assembly since its inception—in the teeth of factious and remorseless opposition from vested interests. May I appeal to progressively-minded Churchmen—of whom very many are numbered amongst your readers—not to join hands with those who are resisting the present Discipline Measures? Such action would be a most regrettable setback to the forward march of the Church of England to the goal of freedom and effectiveness.

Craiglands, Cavendish Road, Sutton, Surrey. J. H. HIGGINSON

HUMAN REHABILITATION

SIR,—I think Dr. Rogerson's Patient would have had a very different outlook, had he been properly Rehabilitated as is common nowadays.

I should be most grateful for a chance to exp'ain how we Physiotherapists (Physical healing = massage, medical electricity, and light) bridge the important gap between the surgeon's work and the P.T. Instructor; and generally fit into the scheme of Rehabilitation. For it is during the long and irksome periods of convalescence that the seeds of frustration and disillusion are sown, and it is up to us to see that our patients are kept active, mentally and physically, so that such feelings have no part.

Different Services have their particular methods, but to illustrate my point I am taking the Army's way of rehabilitating orthopaedics. Large converted country houses with their spacious land usually constitute the background of this particular type of work. On arrival from hospital (after stitches are removed and plasters applied) patients are graded according to their ability and needs. Most are up for part or all of each day (in compliance with modern methods) and their day begins with a hour's fatigue, such as helping keep the house clean or "spud bashing." This is followed at varying intervals of the day by treatment in the Physiotherapy Department, P.T. (accent on the Remedial exercises) and modified games to each particular grade, for plenty of activity is our aim.

Most Rehabilitation centres realise the importance of Occupational Therapy, and to this end girls specially trained in this branch of work supervise the various crafts designed to maintain muscle tone. Carpentry is very popular, such things as toys are made and sold profitably for the Red Cross. Evenings are spent Discussing, playing Whist, etc. Finally patients are handed over to the P.T. Instructor for their final "hardening off" process before returning to their units.

The whole secret of successful Rehabilitation lies in keeping the men constructively active all day. It is amazing how many ex-patients return, to speak in glowing terms of their happy days at our centres. So we feel that if men are embittered they have only themselves to blame: for we do everything in our power to make them happy. PHYSIOTHERAPIST

THE CASE OF SURESH VAIDYA

SIR,—The Appellate Tribunal (London Division) has taken a broad view in recognising that Indian Nationalism can be a ground for conscientious objection to military service under the National Service Act. It recommended the discharge of Suresh Vaidya from the Army, after he had served a sentence of three months for disobeying orders.

At the same time the Appellate Tribunal has imposed conditions for the exemption. Vaidya is required to do full time work as an hospital orderly, or on the land or in Civil Defence.

Vaidya is the type of man who is strongly imbued with the spirit of public service, but he does not feel that he can accept these conditions. His case is that he cannot recognise the right of the British Government to conscript him as an Indian so long as India is denied freedom. This objection applies to other forms of service under the National Service Act as well as to military service.

Mr. Amery has more than once boasted that the war effort of Indians is voluntary. Is it too much to ask that conscription shall not be applied to Suresh Vaidya and other Indians who feel like him?

FENNER BROCKWAY,
Chairman, Indian Freedom Campaign Committee.
8 Endsleigh, Gardens,
W.C.1.

ETHEL SMYTH

SIR,—Ethel Smyth did not throw a stone through Austen Chamberlain's window as stated in your issue for May 20. There was no reason why she should. He was not a prominent Anti-Suffragist and was never a Minister during the militant campaign. It was Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the strongest Anti-Suffragist in the Cabinet, and for the strange reason that he had publicly declared that if all women were as sensible as his wife he would be a convert to suffragism. "He spoke," complained Ethel Smyth, "as if he had the pick of the basket." Later, she was arrested for attempting to fire the children's wing of his house in Oxfordshire, a charge which she strenuously denied. She was not committed for trial.

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

JOHN STUART MILL

SIR,—Will you allow me to appeal through your columns to any of your readers who may have in their possession any letters of John Stuart Mill? The London School of Economics has been preparing for some time a new edition of his letters, and hopes to be able to publish soon after the war a first volume, containing all his letters up to 1847 or 1848. Apart from over 200 letters of his published before in 23 different works, about as many unpublished letters belonging to this early period have already been collected. Experience has shown, however, that a great many such letters are widely dispersed among private owners, and that many of those which in the context of the collection prove most interesting, are regarded by their owners as of little historical value. Although we are endeavouring directly to trace any descendants of Mill's known correspondents, it would be of great assistance if any reader possessing information about the whereabouts of such letters (belonging to any period of Mill's life) would communicate with:

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Anna Kavan
ASYLUM PIECE
'In a completely lunatic world I suppose there will be no more than a handful of listeners for Miss Kavan's still small voice telling these painful stories of mental abnormality and suffering. But if the theme is rejected the voice should be noted by short-story lovers as one of the greatest quality. Its descriptive range is so fine, the touch of emotional and poetic sensibility so deep and assured that it would be a considerable loss to contemporary fiction if it were not given the chance of being heard.' H. E. BATES in *John O'London's Weekly* [7s 6d]
JONATHAN CAPE

the Chairman, Economic Research Division, London School of Economics (wartime address: The Hostel, Peterhouse, Cambridge).

F. A. HAYEK

THE C.O.

SIR,—In reply to John Sparrow's query, the U.S.S.R. granted exemption to those who were Conscientious Objectors on *bona fide* religious grounds prior to 1939. It never recognised political or non-religious "ethical" grounds as justifying exemption.

In 1939 all exemption on conscientious grounds was abolished as obsolete, as there had not been a single applicant for two years.

Russia To-day Society, PAT SLOAN
150 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

SIR,—Charles Record's letter in last week's edition of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION about the standards in Scottish Universities leads me to retaliate by stating a few facts.

The standard of the Scottish Leaving Certificate is equal to that of the English Senior School Certificate and therefore much higher than the English School Certificate. The difference lies not in the actual papers, but in the standard of marking. Certain poorer pupils who would not even have been presented for the Scottish Leaving Certificate were given the opportunity of sitting for the English School Certificate and passed with credits. Pupils who come from "public" schools in England to continue their education admit frankly that the Scottish standard is far higher.

Entrance to Scottish Universities is usually granted to Scottish Leaving Certificate candidates though good English School Certificate pupils are sometimes accepted, which shows that the standard is at least as high as in England. Scottish and American Universities are totally different in most aspects and cannot be classed together. Also no facts to warrant the sweeping statement that where graduates are more numerous, the standards of degrees are low, are given.

A SCOT

MR. GANDHI'S RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—I have read with interest the article "India and the Empire" in your issue of May 13, 1944. No one is more anxious than I that some means should be found to end the deplorable political deadlock which exists in India to-day and that the Viceroy in your words "will see in Mr. Gandhi's release an opportunity too good to lose." At the same time I must cross swords with the writer of the article when, in referring to the acts of violence and sabotage in 1942, he says "No evidence has been published which connected Mr. Gandhi or other leaders of Congress with these acts of violence."

The Working Committee of the Congress Party met at Waidha on July 6, 1942, with Mr. Gandhi in attendance. The main resolution which was published eight days later showed that Mr. Gandhi still insisted on the immediate abdication of Britain's share in Indian Government. "British Rule in India must end immediately" were the opening words of the resolution. Later, in describing the consequences of the failure of Britain to transfer power immediately to India, it said, "The Congress will then be reluctantly compelled to utilise all the non-violent strength it might have gathered since 1920, when it adopted non-violence as part of its policy, for the vindication of political rights and liberty. Such a widespread struggle would inevitably be under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi." The mass civil disobedience campaign of 1930 has shown that there can be no guarantee that once a large scale non-violent movement has been launched, there will be no violence. Mr. Gandhi in July, 1942, admitted it when he said: "I do not want rioting as a direct result. If, in spite of precautions, rioting does take place it cannot be helped." Mr. Gandhi, the members of the Working Committee and some other Congress leaders were arrested on the 9th of August and Mr. Gandhi in a final message to his followers after his arrest exhorted "Do or die."

As is well known, serious disorders began in various parts of India and, especially in Assam, which in view of the Japanese advance through Burma, was a vital strategic area. It may be argued that the disorders could not have been promoted by Mr. Gandhi and the Congress because they were "non-violent," but against this must be set Mr. Gandhi's admission that rioting might result and the militant tone of his language on the eve of the outbreak. This coming from the lips of one whom the writer of your article says that Lord Wavell must long ago have discovered that no one else can speak for India, was naturally likely to incite his followers to commit acts of violence.

F. D. RICHARDSON

[We cannot accept this reasoning. Mr. Gandhi, who is apt to be frank as few even among honest men are frank, has indeed admitted that some violence is always likely to stain a movement of civil disobedience. But he has said with even stronger emphasis that violence is calculated to destroy all the effects of passive resistance: he has even done penance and called off a movement of civil disobedience, because brutal violence occurred. In the present instance, Mr. Gandhi was arrested before he had given the signal for civil disobedience. It could not be controlled by the leaders of Congress, who were all in prison. In fact, such evidence as there is suggests that an extremist and even terrorist group of young men, opposed to all Gandhi's teaching, won control over the underground movement in some districts. The most that can fairly be said against Gandhi in this matter is that he took a serious risk, when he decided on the "Quit India" movement.

—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

A WORKER'S COLLEGE

SIR,—No great social movement can expect to make much headway unless it devotes attention to the education of its members. Prior to world war number one the Trade Union Movement had no educational machinery. In the gap between the world wars that position has changed and in creating the National Council of Labour Colleges, Trade Unions have built an educational machine that caters for some 60,000 trade union students each year by means of classes, postal courses, week-end and summer schools, etc.

Recently, the N.C.L.C. has felt the need for a residential school which would have the double function of training working-class educationists and providing a special training for trade union organisers and other officials.

The National Council of Labour Colleges is, therefore, proposing to establish a residential college as a memorial to trade unionists killed in the war. One interesting suggestion in the scheme is that trade unions when appointing officials should make provision for each official to take two or three months at the residential college instead of going direct from the bench to his organising job as is normally the case.

The amount of knowledge required by a trade union official nowadays is many times greater than that required even thirty years ago. The growth of trade union educational work is a sign of the appreciation of that fact and the establishment of a residential centre is indeed the natural outcome of the work which has resulted in the number of trade unionists affiliated to the National Council of Labour Colleges rising from about 200,000 at the end of its first year (1921) to 4¾ millions this year.

The scheme envisages the possibility of the British Trade Union Congress, which is already associated with the N.C.L.C., sharing in direct control of the residential college.

J. P. M. MILLAR,
General Secretary,
National Council of Labour Colleges.
Tillicoultry, Scotland.

East Prussia

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THE BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"I NEVER had any contemporaries." The future biographer of Lord Acton will do well to ponder these words. They are, I believe, the master-key to his strange life. The passage occurs in a letter to Mary Gladstone written in 1881:

> Being refused at Cambridge, and driven to foreign universities, I never had any contemporaries, but spent years in looking for men wise enough to solve the problems that puzzled me, not in religion or politics so much as along the wavy line between the two. So I was always associated with men a generation older than myself, most of whom died early—for me—and all of whom impressed me with the same moral, that one must do one's learning and thinking for oneself, without expecting short cuts or relying on other men. And that led to the elaborate detachment, the unamiable isolation, the dread of personal influences, which you justly censure.

How could it have been otherwise? A Catholic nobleman, with an English father and a mother of the great German house of Dalberg which had intermarried with the Italian family of Brignoli, is born at Naples in 1834. He is educated at Oscott in the North of England, at Edinburgh, and at Munich. He divides his time between Germany, Italy, France, Shropshire, and London, speaks and writes in the four main European languages with equal facility, and at the age of thirty-one marries a Bavarian countess, Marie Arco-Valley. An ardent Liberal, he is suspected by Liberals on account of his Catholicism. A devout Catholic, he is deeply mistrusted by most of his co-religionists on account of his Liberalism.

It is tempting to cast Lord Acton as a Renaissance scholar, the legitimate successor of Erasmus, completely international in outlook, the enlightened patron and master of European learning. Yet this analogy, so often drawn, is surely superficial. Acton's affinities are rather with the *Aufklärung* and especially its mature fruit, the German critical and scientific scholarship of the nineteenth century. The two great formative influences in his life were, on the one hand, Dr. Döllinger and that "heroic school" of German historians which began with Ranke; on theother, the tradition of English Liberalism that reached its apogee in Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Döllinger, in whose house Acton lodged in his student days at Munich, taught him that rigorously objective approach to ecclesiastical doctrines and institutions which informed all his historical writings. He also confirmed those distinctively Germanic qualities which are never wholly absent from Acton's work: its massiveness, its constant allusiveness, and a ponderousness which sometimes borders upon aridity. Acton nearly always referred to Döllinger as "the Professor" and sometimes as "my Professor." The pupil never forgot his singular debt of gratitude to the master, and the very close friendship and discipleship only ended with Döllinger's death in 1888.

The marriage of Acton's mother to Lord Granville provided the necessary link with the inner circles of English Whig society. He returned from Munich and Dr. Döllinger a strong Liberal by temperament and conviction, and rapidly fell under the sway of Mr. Gladstone. The spiritual kinship of the two men is very striking. Gladstone alone of living English statesmen believed with Burke that politics were simply morality enlarged. He was acutely aware of the moral issues latent in every political question. He was also deeply versed in history, metaphysics, and theology. Acton learnt to recognise Gladstone as "the man who, of all now living, has the greatest power of doing good." He gave him unwavering support through all the vicissitudes of one of the most complex careers in British political history. On the issue of Irish Home Rule he was one of the most ardent of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. At his winter residence on the Riviera he would read Gladstone's perorations to his family at the breakfast-table. In the volume of *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* there is a revealing photograph of the Gladstone family and Dr. Döllinger with Lord Acton at Tegernsee, his home in Bavaria. The three men were typical of their age in their intense preoccupation with moral issues and their highly personal insight into the subtle distinctions between right and wrong. But, of the three, Acton alone carried moral considerations to the point of fanaticism.

This moral fanaticism—for I can use no word less strong—determined Acton's peculiar attitude to the Papacy and the Catholic Church as well as his general approach to history and politics. He is found writing to his Egeria, Lady Blennerhassett, that the Ultramontane who desired to defend the papacy had to condone and justify its acts and laws.

> He was worse than the accomplices of the Old Man of the Mountain, for they picked off individual victims. But the papacy contrived murder and massacre on the most cruel and inhuman scale. They were not only wholesale assassins, but they made the principle of assassination a law of the Christian Church and a condition of salvation.

All Jesuits and Dominicans, Lord Acton declared, must be presumed to be living in sin, for both Orders had upheld the principle of religious assassination. As for Cardinal Manning, the admirer of St. Charles Borromeo (who, it appears, once ordered the murder of Protestants), Acton is shocked to find Anglican divines "who would speak of the Cardinal as a good man, unhappily divided from the Church of which he was an ornament, and living in error, *but yet not leading a life of sin.*" Even the gentle, saintly Newman did not escape the scourge of Acton's moral indignation. "He defended the Syllabus and the Syllabus justified all those atrocities. Pius the Fifth held that it was sound Catholic doctrine that any man may stab a heretic condemned by Rome, and that every man is a heretic who attacks the papal prerogatives. Borromeo wrote a letter for the purpose of causing a few Protestants to be murdered. Newman is an avowed admirer of Saint Pius and Saint Charles, and of the Pontiffs who canonised them. This, and the like of this, is the reason of my deep aversion for him." No wonder Acton was greeted with considerable coolness and reserve in English Catholic circles! There was never any question of a loss of faith. At the height of his quarrel with Rome and the Catholic hierarchy of England in 1864, he told his friend Sir Mounstuart Grant Duff that he had never felt the slightest doubt about any dogma of the Catholic Church. Even the decrees of the Vatican Council in 1870, against the promulgation of which he had fought tooth and nail for years, could not shake his faith. He humbly confessed his "absolute reliance on God's providence in the government of His Church." Lord Acton's moral fanaticism surely admits of a simple psychological explanation. It was the external manifestation of his intense loneliness and sense of isolation: the shield and breastplate of a man who had no contemporaries.

When he was elected Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1895, in succession to Sir John Seeley, Acton at long last came into his own. For thirty years and more he had contributed articles of astonishing erudition to a variety of learned periodicals and with Mandell Creighton had founded the *English Historical Review*. His name had become a byword for prodigious learning. Men spoke of his daily consumption of a German octavo and declared, with some truth, that he knew far too much to be able to write a book. His long-projected *History of Liberty* remained unwritten, as by his own exacting standards it was always bound to do. How would such a man shape as a university professor and lecturer? The dons and undergraduates who crowded to his inaugural lecture on *The Study of History* were clearly told what to expect in one of Acton's most characteristic utterances:

> I exhort you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong.

The seven years of Acton's Cambridge professorhip—the last and happiest years of his life—bore fruit in the two courses of *Lectures on Modern History* and *Lectures on the French Revolution*, which were subsequently published in book-form. Acton saw the whole course of European history as a never-ceasing struggle for freedom which he identified absolutely with the cause of morality. Liberty, in his view, "is not the means to a higher political end. It is itself the highest political end." Men are therefore to be praised or blamed in so far as they have contributed to the increase or decrease of civil, religious and political liberty. Acton was, in fact, a doctrinaire Liberal who proudly boasted to Mary Gladstone: "I am possessed of a Whig devil." He deeply distrusted all egalitarian and democratic theories and held that the leaders of the French Revolution had sacrificed the pure flame of Liberty on the altar of Equality. Acton's passionate interest in the abstract notion of liberty revealed his Continental and non-English cast of mind. "In England we take all that for granted," Sir James Mackintosh once observed to a Frenchman who enthused over the latest pamphlet on Liberty hot from the Parisian press. The remark would have been utterly lost on Lord Acton. Yet his historical vision was very great. He saw with luminous clarity the menace of Prussia and the cardinal importance of the American Revolution. His essay on Nationality, printed in the collected essays entitled *The History of Freedom*, is nothing so much as a detailed commentary on the development of the nation-states of Europe since 1862, the year when, at the age of twenty-eight, Acton wrote this *tour de force*. His mind was constantly haunted by the grim spectre of the Absolute State, the coming of which he so clearly foresaw and against which he uttered so many grave warnings. Yet, true to the nineteenth-century faith in progress, Acton firmly believed in the ultimate triumph of freedom. "The action of Christ who is risen on mankind whom he redeemed fails not, but increases," he told his Cambridge audience at his inaugural lecture. Liberty would receive many set-backs and would often be overthrown and trampled upon, but eventually the divine purpose would be vindicated in the freedom of man.

Much of Acton's time at Cambridge was spent in the planning of the *Cambridge Modern History*, which stands at the fountain-head of modern co-operative scholarship. It was fitting that the first large-scale history of Europe in the English language should have been initiated by one who was himself pre-eminently a good European. In his letter to the team of historical specialists whom he had gathered together for this task, Acton set forth his high ideal:

> Our scheme requires that nothing shall reveal the country, the religion, or the party to which the writers belong. It is essential not only on the ground that impartiality is the character of legitimate history, but because the work is carried on by men acting together for no other object than the increase of accurate knowledge.

Acton's death in 1902 unfortunately robbed the project of its unity of direction, and the actual results achieved fell far short of this lofty design. Maitland once declared that Acton himself was perfectly capable of writing all the twelve volumes of the History.

In these last years at Cambridge Lord Acton achieved a sort of apotheosis. He was made an Honorary Fellow of Trinity and came to love the genial society of the hall and combination-room. His spirit mellowed and became far more tranquil. The sense of isolation and loneliness was in large part broken down. The present Master of Trinity, G. M. Trevelyan, who knew Acton well in his undergraduate days, has told us how "the History School of Cambridge, then in its most critical

period of rapid growth, found its true centre in a set of rooms in Nevile's Court; there, amid his strange foreign books, sat Lord Acton, with a brow and beard like Plato, ready all day long to welcome any visitor seeking historical knowledge, whether it was Maitland or the humblest undergraduate." The final picture of the venerable scholar who had ridden the whirlwind and the storm is one of almost tragic nobility. Every detail of appearance serves to illuminate the whole: the long black beard, the deep sonorous voice, the massive brow, the majestic carriage; the calm benevolence of old age. A fundamental unity and consistency underlay the complex pattern of his life and thought. Yes. Acton was absolutely consistent. "Are you aware," he asked a colleague at Trinity, "that Borromeo was a party to a scheme of assassinations?" "But," came the expected reply, "must we not make allowance for the morality of the time?" The grand opportunity was not to be missed. The Regius Professor's answer expressed the passionate conviction of a lifetime. "I make *no* allowance for that sort of thing."

R. A. L. SMITH

THE DILEMMA OF A RATIONALIST

'42 to '44: a Contemporary Memoir upon Human Behaviour during the Crisis of the World Revolution. By H. G. WELLS. *Secker and Warburg. Two Guineas.*

Mr. H. G. Wells's new book is published at Two Guineas to keep it, we are told, out of the hands of the vulgar. It consists of several important appendices (the thesis for a doctorate at London University and a Memorandum on Survival) and, as the bulk of it, notes on a variety of people, attitudes and kinds of behaviour made during two years of war. Of these some are interesting and suggestive, some personal and petulant, and I take it that the high price is designed to prevent these latter being read out of their context: the context being the whole wide sweep of Mr. Wells's view of life as it is with an admirable clarity and concision condensed into his doctor's thesis. Unfortunately it is difficult to read his attacks in their context when they are written so obviously out of it, and the device of a merely semi-limited edition will not protect them. The discrepancy between the rationalism of Mr. Wells's doctrines and the irrationalism of his behaviour is the subject of his own first note. It is certainly odd.

Ever since he turned that powerful, far-stalking imagination from the world of phantasy to the world of reality, he has been feeling his way towards his Plan for a World Revolution; his latest books have all been elaborations and developments of this theme. It is Mr. Wells's misfortune to be years ahead of his time. The world is still too infantile and at too widely different points of development to be able to unite. So that it regards his vast idealistic plans as, at best, hopelessly Utopian, at worst crack-brained. They are not crack-brained. They are merely too sensible and rational for the frightened, angry, violent little children who storm and quarrel and exhibit their moods over the surface of our nursery planet. He starts with the assumption that people use a modicum of reason to control their decisions; most people have left off before that.

So Mr. Wells—and this is his mistake—begins to scold. It only makes matters worse. They become more wilful, he more bad-tempered. The scene, as such scenes do, lacks dignity. It is interesting (and important) to inquire why so far-seeing a prophet should take such short views; Mr. Wells is magnanimous enough, as one would expect, to offer himself as a guinea-pig; he deplores this discrepancy between his rational notions and his irrational behaviour, but he does not account for it.

Two explanations suggest themselves. The first which is more an extenuation than an explanation, is his urgent sense of time running out. He expresses it in the two following quotations, the first from his thesis, the second from his Memorandum on Survival.

> Man in his Dawn, though maybe an ignorant being, was certainly not so collectively maladjusted as the man of our time. The *average* contemporary man *en masse* is definitely a degenerate creature, in the sense that he presents no collective resistance in the face of change. He makes few experiments in adaptation; he persists in his follies—as a species.

> Numerous insectivores and rodent types may be acquiring characteristics with survival value. There may even be insects, ants, for example, acquiring qualities that will oust and exterminate us. Forms may be arising whose weapon will be mortal human epidemics to which they are immune. Lice can kill their billions. The germ, the virus, can adapt itself to new occasions within the life-span of a single human being.
>
> Only the hard-thinking man with the microscope, working without haste and without delay, can hope to anticipate and avert that attack upon mankind. The acquisitive fool with his money bags, the priest with his prayers and incantations, the straining girl in the factory, even the gallant lad in the stokehold of the labouring ship or behind the tommy-gun, can do nothing against our supreme enemy, Ignorance. Knowledge or extinction. There is no other choice for man.

We must adapt or perish and time is short. It is this fear which gives Mr. Wells his sense of urgency and the urgency which gives him so sharp a tongue. With that belief, held as vividly as a man of his imagination would hold it, it is understandable.

Understandable but not, I think, explained. The explanation may lie somewhere about whatever it is in Mr. Wells that leads him persistently to undervalue the individual and the chances of improving him. It is true that Mr. Wells has, in *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, paid a very full tribute to Freud, but he does not seem to apply the discoveries. He is puzzled by his own irrational behaviour, and in another series of these notes he is bewildered by the growth of cruelty in the present world, but through the dozen pages in which he discusses the subject he does not present anything approaching an explanation. And yet he disregards the one branch of knowledge which has something useful to contribute to the solution of these problems.

Personalities which are caught in an emotional conflict commonly exalt Reason, as if by a flight to the Upper Air they hope to escape the storms on the ground. But however brilliantly they think, however splendid their rational visions, at the behaviour level their conflict remains and confounds all they think or want to think. Rational, or even good behaviour can only be expected at a certain level of development, and until a sufficiently large proportion of the world reaches it revolutions will remain the clumsy bunglings Mr. Wells deplores, and men the semi-savages who bungle them. Perhaps too much faith has been put in Reason or, to put it another way, we are only just learning that maturity is a pre-condition of it. Since the eighteenth century there have been Rationalists enough to unravel the most desperate tangles; it is the will to unravel them among ordinary people that has been, and still is, deficient.

T. C. WORSLEY

ANATOMY OF CHAOS

Journey Into Chaos. By CHARLES WOLLF. *Hutchinson. 18s.*

Dr. Wollf's journey into chaos began in the struggles and experiments of the German Revolution: then the Nazis drove him into exile: next he passed through the meanness of a Vichy prison-camp. But I doubt whether he was thinking of his personal experiences when he chose this arresting title. The personality behind this book is modest and reticent to excess. It was his generation that made this journey. Dr. Wollf watched it from a position of advantage. He was, from 1916 until the coming of the Nazis to power, the Artistic Director of the State Theatre in Dresden. He knew the artists and writers, the dancers and singers of his day as his fellow-workers. He studied the intellectual life of contemporary Germany with a rare combination of intimacy and detachment. He had to swim with his own strokes through this whirlpool; but his abiding home was all the while the solid shore amid the classics. On politics he rarely touches and economics he never mentions. Yet he contrives by his analysis of the literary and æsthetic tendencies of the time to make us understand why the Nazis burst inevitably into a society that had the will but lacked the power to create. Dr. Wollf is the kindly conservative, as he surveys the efforts of the expressionist schools, but even when his verdict is negative, he none the less helps us to grasp the creative aims of the artists. It rarely happens that a mind so sensitive is also so objective and so just. A more sympathetic and trustworthy guide we could not find for such a journey as this.

There is shrewd and constructive criticism in this book, but there is much more. Dr. Wollf is a close observer of his fellow-men and he has the gift of portraiture. Some of his sketches of the artists he knew will linger in the reader's memory. I would pick out a beautifully written page about the magic of Duse's voice and several that discuss Mary Wigman's dancing. Best of all are his recollections of Caruso, who lacked all the usual vices and vanities of the virtuoso and shone by his generosity to his fellows and his scrupulous concern as an artist for balance and proportion in the opera as a whole. Dr. Wollf will have it that his imaginative gift in interpreting the works in which he sang was as remarkable as his executive genius. But Dr. Wollf's observations are not all as kindly as this. His portraits of two or three of the German princes he knew are not flattering, and he tells some anecdotes in which Nazis figure. One of the most revealing sections in the book describes what Nazi journalists, orators, and pseudo-scientists have done to corrupt and degrade the German language.

The most human chapters in this very human book are, however, its first section, which records Dr. Wollf's experiences as a refugee and prisoner in France. He reveres the French intellect: he is steeped in French literature: he is a connoisseur who savours the individualism of this nation and its civilised way of life. He met with some kindness and some good sense, but on the whole it is a painful and at moments a shameful story he has to tell. During his first internment he had to camp under the open sky: when a visit from the Red Cross was expected tents were erected, which were instantly struck when the back of the Swiss inspector was turned. But the episode that stands out concerns a half-witted fellow-prisoner known as "the diver." Someone dropped his false teeth into the cesspool of the camp. The diver fetched them up. In this life, he explained, he is merely a dirty fellow who does what no one else will touch. Four hundred years hence he will return to earth "a saint whom all will admire."

Fortunately for himself and his readers Dr. Wollf spent the greater part of his stay in France in semi-freedom in an obscure village near Blois. We know most of its inhabitants before we lay the book down—the ways of its officials, the habits that prevail in its shops, its attitude to the law, to wine, to Jews. We have learned to respect the man of letters who was its doctor and to like the village Socialist. We grasp its traditional, unenterprising way of life. And once more, as in the camp, what arrests our interest is the memorable sketch of another stricken but happy mind—an old woman who enacted at night for all to hear the passionate hours she had once spent with her lover.

I am less sure of the last chapters of this French episode which record the spiritual agony that was so much harder to endure than the physical privations of internment. They have something of the quality of penitential psalms, and I could wish that Dr. Wollf had written them in the

sonnet-form, of which in his own language he is a master. The verbal magic of verse can render acceptable what in prose is too poignant. Nor am I sure that the final chapters fit happily into this book, though they contain much that is interesting. They record Dr. Wollf's impressions of the many countries in Europe he has visited. He is at his best in his recollections of the Baltic States and in his subtle psychological study of the Dutch. He moves through time with perfect ease and is as much at home amid the painters of the seventeenth century as he is among the scientists and empire-builders of to-day.

A book of this literary quality deserved a better translation. It says much for Dr. Wollf's writing that it survives this clumsy rendering.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEW NOVELS AND STORIES

The Little Locksmith. By KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The Lights were Going Out. By ARTHUR GUIRDHAM. *Quality Press.* 8s. 6d.

Number One. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.

The White Mare. By MICHAEL MCLAVERTY. *Mourne Press.* 5s.

The varieties of literary failure are unlimited, and some of them subtle enough to acquire a puzzling fascination. This applies, of course, only to intrinsic, pervading failure, not to the spasmodic lapses of the great. It is easy enough to note and define the failures in Dickens or Tolstoy; they stand out awkwardly, almost vociferously, from the wonderful background. But a book like *The Little Locksmith*, a near-miss but a complete failure none the less, offers a fascinating field of speculation. The blurb by this most intelligent firm is appetising and persuasive.

> No words can convey the fascination and charm of this story. The writing itself is a sheer delight. *The Little Locksmith* cannot be neatly labelled. It is not like any other book you have ever discovered. It is wholly and entirely original, one of those rare occasions when a lonely and penetrating mind has succeeded (through a carefully disciplined and practised pen) in transmitting its own inner excitement to the world.

I began this autobiographical novel with high expectations, anticipating a mingled flavour of Proust and Virginia Woolf. After two pages I thought it at least "good"—well written and neither imitative nor vulgar. After five pages I still thought it good, but I paused, looked out of the window, perhaps sighed a little. I was pained at the reluctance with which I returned to the book. Was it to prove—for I know and dread the category—one of those good books which I am unable to appreciate? Was the fine writing to be too fine, the emotions too delicate, the whole tone too full of sweetness? I skipped a page and began to feel a little bit vulgar. I began to wonder whether Miss Hathaway shouldn't have been confided to more delicate hands than mine, and I thought of the hands which might have fondled her. The sad admission had come: I was bored. Now it was imperative to discover whether the fault was in me or in the writer, and I read on with much more attention. I decided in my own favour, and this review, like all reviews, is something of a self-justification, a justification of one's right to be a reviewer.

The Little Locksmith is the story of a woman attacked by infantile paralysis in childhood, confined to her bed up to the age of fifteen, and disfigured for the rest of her life. At the age of thirty she buys a house on the coast of Maine and establishes, for the first time, a wholly adult and independent existence. This house is the corner-stone of the book, the beginning, the end and the recurring symbol of victory over terrible circumstances. The last third of the book tells of the house in detail, of its surroundings, its neighbours and its effect on the owner. I hope I've written enough to show that the plan is admirable and that much could have been made of it.

In the execution I find two serious faults, the one fundamental and the other arising from the first. The fundamental fault lies in the attitude which Miss Hathaway has adopted towards herself; it is far too affectionate and admiring. "Why ever should anyone pity me when I enjoy such a rare and vivid life of the spirit?" In effect, as the message is pressed home, it becomes a claim to sainthood. Although written in the first person, the book reads like the life of a heroine written, perhaps in the strong emotion of bereavement, by a too devoted disciple. Self-love is a terribly insidious and destructive vice in a writer, and Miss Hathaway loves herself tenderly.

The second fault, which springs directly from the first, is in the writing itself, and more particularly in the vocabulary. Rare, wonderful, adorable, passionate, compassionate, heartbreaking, intense, wondering, romantic, wayward. Magic, ardour, eagerness, allure. These are plucked at random from a few pages. Cumulatively the effect is lush and exhausting. A childhood passage—she is describing paper-work—illustrates the tone.

> . . . I would put my scissors and paste and paints and fingers to work in order to bring that darling little object into being. It was surely the magic of transformation in this performance which made it so delightful, and almost awe-inspiring.

Tolerable as an exception, but this kind of writing is too nearly the rule. And the attitude to herself somehow infuses a sort of sweet whimsicality into other descriptions.

> The Rod (a steamer) was a dowdy, ridiculous old lady, creaking terribly in every joint, yet she always had her gloves on and her bonnet at a jaunty angle as she went careering across the Bay, bouncing ridiculously and showing her petticoats, or else primly gliding with an air of intense propriety and self-satisfaction, according to the wind.

Yet there are certainly qualities lurking, half-submerged, in this book. In the writing there is a sense of rhythm and balance, an undoubted power of construction. At times the introspection is vivid and informative, and many of the descriptive passages, particularly in the second half, are clear and perceptive. Early in the book Miss Hathaway writes that she has taken Flaubert as her model. It is a proof of seriousness, and there is no doubt that she has written with quite unusual care and application. Will this talented writer forget the picture of herself which she wishes the world to appreciate, and recognise that self-consciousness is her worst enemy? Flaubert's only conception of himself was as a machine for creating works of art; it never occurred to him that he was a saint, although he was one. In her epilogue Miss Hathaway gives us this: "In the beginning I said to someone, this book is going to be my bread-and-butter letter to God." I doubt whether Flaubert ever said that to anyone.

From Miss Hathaway to Mr. Guirdham is from old lace to arsenic. It is long since I read a more poisonous book than this pathological plea for the extermination of Germany. *The Lights Were Going Out* is a description of England in 1960, on the assumption that a compromise peace was made in 1944. The German-dominated community of thugs, crooks, terrorists and madmen is described with a sort of insane brilliance. The idiom is tough and conventional, but it must be admitted the book is written with great journalistic vividness. It can't be disregarded, any more than a madman can be

June 7th

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disregarded if he has access to a sharp knife. It is not a work of art, but it is a powerful little dose of sadistic insanity which may do a certain amount of harm.

There is no need to quote the descriptions of torture, mutilation and massacre with which the book is littered. They are stronger meat than anything I remember to have read for some time, but by now the genre must be familiar. The usual claim of these writers is that it is only by such shock-tactics as these that they can penetrate the thick hide of our unawareness and indifference. Thus every excess is justified; in fact the worse the excess the greater the reflection on our insensitivity. And in the background (always unspoken) we are expected to recognise a passionate pity, a prophetic loathing of the writer's grisly task. Well, at first, perhaps, we are weak, willing to feel that the castigation may be deserved and to endure it as best we can. But presently the nausea sets in, and if we analyse it we discover that it is due, not to our own sense of guilt, but to the writer's morbid delight in his own savagery. The eyes are gouged out so lovingly, with such a rich and irrepressible affection for the subject.

I am in no position to hold strong views on the correct treatment of Germany, but I know that this book has influenced me in a quite contrary way to its loud intention. It is surprising that Mr. Guirdham failed to see what the result must be. The lesson of his book, ably demonstrated, is that barbarism if met by barbarism can only result in barbarism everywhere. Then presumably our post-war treatment of Germany should be as unbarbaric as possible.

I can find little to say about Dos Passos. I was never a fan of his irregularities, and I am not greatly impressed by his return to the ranks. This is a fairly straight, competent novel about a crooked political careerist and his drunken henchman. Italicised, philosophical passages appear from time to time with the message that "the people" is a dangerous abstraction and that the individual is more important. I agree, but not with the length or pretentiousness with which it is said. Sinclair Lewis has done this better, but there are some good hate passages and an effective finish.

By far the best of the writers under review is the last and least pretentious. This slim collection of country stories by a young Ulsterman takes one instantly into a different world, the world of pure creative art. Mr. McLaverty has an instinctive understanding of what creative writing is supposed to be. He is not recommending his virtues to us; he is not warning us of the dangers which would follow the abolition of partition; he is not castigating the late Lord Londonderry. He writes with a quiet assurance, transforming sad or comic incidents in his own experience into genuine poetry. There is something here of Chehov's extreme, misleading simplicity. It seems so easy and direct—yet it is a far rarer gift and a far more difficult accomplishment than any that the other three writers have displayed. I like particularly the restraint and effectiveness of Mr. McLaverty's idiom, "During that December he was ill for two weeks and when he came back amongst us he was greatly failed," or "The next day Robert let him harrow and laughed at the way he sprawled over the soil." We have been told that there are signs of a literary renaissance in Ulster, and this book encourages belief in it.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

CHIMPANZEE

Chimpanzees: A Laboratory Colony. By ROBERT M. YERKES. *Oxford Press.* 33s. 6d.

In some respects this book is rather disappointing. The author, Professor of Psychology in Yale University, has a great reputation as a pioneer in the study of the psychology of the great apes. He has studied them for 25 years and it was he who planned and directed the Yale Laboratories in which the individual and social psychology of the chimpanzee has been watched and scientifically investigated by highly ingenious and carefully planned tests and experiments. Professor Yerkes has already written several books on the anthropoid apes, but we looked forward to the present volume with particularly high hopes, for in it, according to the publishers, "Dr. Yerkes has summed up his lifelong knowledge of the chimpanzee for both scientists and laymen." Perhaps it is this attempt to write for a double audience which accounts for the fact that our hopes are a little disappointed. The book is described by its author as "a composite portrait of chimpanzee personality done in terms of behaviour." Part I is intended to give a general description of the chimpanzee, psychological and physiological, and contains some extremely interesting information about their individual character and social behaviour. In Part II Professor Yerkes analyses the mentality of the apes, largely with a view to deciding the question whether and, if so, to what extent they display intelligence. It is for this purpose that many of the elaborate tests and experiments have been devised by the author, Professor Köhler, and other investigators. Part III contains practical advice on the housing, handling, breeding, feeding, and medical treatment of the animals.

In all this there are, as was to be expected, many facts, observations, and conclusions of great interest. The chimpanzee has some advantages over the gorilla and the orang-utan as a subject of scientific observation. A study of its behaviour can throw valuable light on many basic elements in the individual and social psychology of human beings. A fundamental question which continually recurs in discussions of tests, experiments, and behaviour is the interpretation of the ape's actions and reactions in terms of intelligence. There are many difficulties, as the reader of this book will find, in the way of scientific and accurate interpretation. One is the difficulty of defining accurately what is meant by "intelligence," and it cannot be said that either Professor Yerkes in this book or Professor Köhler in *The Mentality of Apes* successfully overcomes it. Another is the jargon which these professors use and which too often obscures rather than clarifies the issue. In both these points Professor Köhler has the advantage of Professor Yerkes and his book still remains the best analysis and interpretation of the mind of the ape. Whatever the exact definition of intelligence adopted, Professor Yerkes's tests show that chimpanzees do to some extent possess it. But his book provides interesting evidence that the interpretation of the degree of intelligence possessed by the ape often depends on the degree of intelligence possessed by the human investigator. For instance, the "natural" field of attention of the ape is quite different from ours; there are certain relations of objects which we habitually notice and which it habitually ignores. Where the solution of a test depends upon "thinking about" such a relation, the ape may appear to be completely stupid simply because it does not notice the relation and so cannot take the appropriate action; and stupid investigators have often in these cases wrongly attributed stupidity to the animal. But, as Professor Yerkes shows, often if the ape can be induced or trained to notice the crucial relation, it immediately displays "intelligence" and solves the problem.

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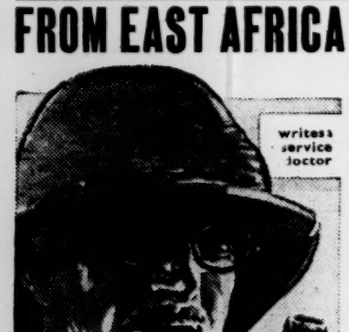

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PHILOSOPHY

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AULT AND WIBORG

RECORD TURNOVER

THE tenth ordinary general meeting of Ault and Wiborg, Ltd., was held yesterday in London.

Mr. Gerald Wellesley (the chairman) said that during the year the total turnover of the company and its subsidiaries was the highest in their history, being no less than 30 per cent. in excess of that for the previous year. Owing, however, to the lower margin of profit on sales, the net profit of the company showed only a 5 per cent. increase as compared with 1943 and amounted to £84,164. After transferring £7,425 to Preference share capital redemption reserve fund and £8,000 to reserve account, the directors recommended a further dividend of 3½ per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, making 10 per cent.

During the four years immediately preceding the war the average Ordinary dividend paid was 14½ per cent., whereas for the four full war years the average had been 5½ per cent. Since the company was formed rather less than ten years ago the net assets had increased from £350,000 to £580,662. The profits retained in the business during that period had amounted to £199,674. The total transfer to Preference share capital redemption reserve fund required by the articles had been completed, and the amount hitherto set aside annually in this manner would in future be available for other purposes.

Profits had been earned by all the company's subsidiaries. Their investment in the latter stood in the balance-sheet at cost—namely, £126,326—and the purchase and development of these subsidiaries had been financed entirely out of earnings.

A considerable portion of the increased turnover had taken place in their peacetime products.

The report was unanimously adopted.

NORWICH UNION INSURANCE SOCIETIES

ANNUAL REPORTS

THE Reports of the Norwich Union Insurance Societies just issued again show excellent results despite present difficult conditions. The new business transacted in 1943 by the Life Society was £9,471,569, just over £2,000,000 more than in 1942. Over the whole of the funds a net return of £3 8s. 8d. per cent. against £3 8s. 6d. per cent. was shown. The mortality of the year had been remarkably favourable and, even allowing for war claims amounting to over £180,000, was below the normal expectation.

On the Fire Account the premium income had increased over the preceding year by £197,698, and the profit of £170,805 could be considered very satisfactory, despite disappointing results of American business.

The Accident Account showed a substantial underwriting profit of £246,085, to which the overseas section had once more contributed.

The Marine Premium income, as was to be expected, showed a somewhat large decrease, but in transferring an amount of £150,000 to profit and loss, the Directors were entirely satisfied that the reserves were ample to meet any contingency.

The total amount of transfer to profit and loss account was £586,891, and the balance carried forward was £307,011, as against £330,499.

The total assets of the Fire Society at £8,685,798 showed an increase of £533,959.

The Societies would be ready and eager to play their part in the post-war rebuilding of the business world, both at home and overseas. The future would give much scope for extension of their services.

The Cornhill—May. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The first number of the revived *Cornhill* reflected, in the accomplishment of the writing, Mr. Peter Quennell's taste for elegance. But some critics, it seems, complained that the result was too "smooth," and so he claims now to have introduced some "roughage"—presumably the style of Mr. Tom Harrisson and the spelling of Mr. Philip Toynbee. Polish is still represented by Clive Bell on Sickert, Elizabeth Bowen on Ivy Compton Burnett, Thomas Moiberg on Social Credit movements, Robin Ironside on Pater, Osbert Lancaster on Dublin, John Russell on Delacroix, William Sansom (a glittering episode) and R. C. Trevelyan (a thoughtfully phrased poem). Despite the roughage, Mr. Harrisson on Ulster and Mr. Toynbee in an autobiographical fragment are exceedingly readable. Mr. Quennell sets an example to us all by printing an article in French—a most telling account by Emmanuel d'Astier of his experiences as a resistant in Paris. It is to be hoped that no critic will succeed in frightening Mr. Quennell from fidelity to his own preferences.

Post-war Building Studies No. 1. House Construction. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 2*s.*

This is an admirable piece of work. It is the first published report by one of the 22 committees set up in 1941-42 under the auspices of the Ministry of Works "to investigate and report on the major problems which were likely to affect peace-time building." The work of the Building Research Station forms the main subject matter of the report: well-known English and Scottish engineers, architects, scientists and builders have given their services as committee-men. The authors have considered materials and methods of construction suitable for building small houses and flats having regard to efficiency, economy and speed of erection. Costing statistics in connection with experimental building for the inter-war years are sadly inadequate, and it would in any case be necessary to re-examine comparative costs with reference to the materials and methods proposed for post-war building: a Costs Research Officer has now been appointed.

The report makes a thorough and careful study of standards, not only of strength and stability, moisture penetration and other basic matters, but of those subjects to which not enough attention has been paid in the past, such as thermal and sound insulation and vermin infestation. It goes on to examine in detail nineteen alternatives to traditional brick construction used in the inter-war period. This section of the report is admirably illustrated. Part 3—of great practical value—deals with "notes on material."

Research and experiment not only into the development of new methods and materials, but into the organisation essential to ensure the benefits of standardisation, are going forward.

Is all this first-rate work to be used or wasted?

Week-end Competitions

No. 746

Set by W. R.

Mr. Arthur Marshall's Nurse Dugdale is making a deserved hit on the wireless each Friday evening. Competitors are invited to submit comments in her not inimitable style upon pre-fabricated houses, co-educational schools, the Royal Academy or *Hamlet*. Four guineas are offered for the best entries of not more than 250 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, June 5th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 744

Set by Timothy Trout

At one time no revue was complete without some potted versions of current plays. Competitors are asked to submit similar perodies (limit, 200 words) of plays, not necessarily new, running in London or the provinces.

Report by Timothy Trout

Competitors don't, for once, seem to have caught on. Some aimed at parody but succeeded only in implanting a few topical incongruities; others misunderstood what was meant by "potted plays" and made a sardonic *précis* of the action in *Hamlet* or *Hedda Gabler*. The chief trouble, I suppose, was that such skits, while amusing enough to fill ten minutes on the stage, are rather tedious in print. Also, dialogue doesn't seem to be a strong point with most of those who go in for these competitions. Several entries contained a good idea. Rex Makin transposed the setting of Ustinov's *House of Regrets* to Moscow, where an exiled English Colonel and his family read *Truth*, plan a return to the Gold Standard, and hope for the day when private enterprise will rule in Rhondda and Kensington again. In Allan Laing's *The Quintessence of Philandering*, the characters aren't sure which of Shaw's plays they belong to and even have longings for Ibsenity. Leslie Jonson produced a neat miniature in verse of *Love for Love*, with Valentine beginning:

> Angelica's cool, I must confess;
> Doesn't say no, but won't say yes.
> My money's all gone, and debts to pay,
> It doesn't appear to be Valentine's day.

And there was a good deal of fun at the expense of the various murder plays running now in London theatres. None of these was quite up to prize-winning standard. Brenda Pool's *An Ideal Husband* has more the touch I was hoping for. I recommend a prize of a guinea.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

Scene: A party in progress at Sir Elliston Cavell's town house.

Lady (to another): I love these parties of Maude's. One gets such a lesson in how *not* to behave.

Footman: Mrs. Bentinck.

Mrs. Bentinck: Ah, Sir Elliston, I have been so much looking forward to having a word with you *in private*.

(*The Hostess and guests melt away*)

Sir Elliston: Rose! How did you come to be invited?

Mrs. Bentinck: I was *not* invited, Sir Elliston, but I should have been. Ten years in your service entitles me to more consideration.

Sir Elliston: Perhaps you could tell me your business?

Mrs. Bentinck: I happen to have documentary proof of your retention of three pairs of underpants, sent to you by an error of the laundry two years ago. (*Brings laundry book out of her bosom, quickly stuffs it back.*) As you know, I was particularly well placed for an insight into such matters.

Sir Elliston (*groaning*): What do you propose to do?

Mrs. Bentinck: To make the matter public—unless you would prefer to give me your current clothing coupons?

Sir Elliston: What a dilemma! Maude must never know. (*Hands over coupons.*) I shall tell her I gave them to my mistress. So much more respectable, don't you think?

Curtain

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Personal

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